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The Answer to M. Schuman

FOR once, the official description is correct. "A misunderstanding" is exactly what has occurred in Anglo-French relations; and the prospect is that a formula will be worked out which permits full British participation in the first detailed discussions of the Schuman plan, due to begin in two or three weeks' time. The French are naturally anxious to ensure that the discussions take place in a constructive atmosphere and lead rapidly to some concrete agreement. The participants, they feel, must at least accept the pooling of iron and steel in principle if this is to be achieved. The British, however, are reluctant to accept in advance any particular means to the projected end. Both attitudes are sensible enough, and each reflects a national temper.

What matters now is that British policy shall be clearly defined before the discussions begin. There is no end to the questions which an Englishman can reasonably ask M. Monnet about his first draft, which combined precision and vagueness in nicely balanced proportions. But one cannot concoct British policy out of question marks, and the real issue to be faced is a simple one. Do we refuse to participate in *any* plan of functional integration which might ultimately lead to a sacrifice of national sovereignty? If this were our policy, Mr. Attlee would surely have said so in his first response to M. Schuman. The establishment of a coal and steel Authority, even if its powers are at first severely limited, must be a decisive step away from national self-determination. Since coal and steel are the basis of our whole economic life, it would be rapidly followed, if successful, by other measures of pooled sovereignty. No one can blame Mr. Attlee, therefore, for his caution. The whole importance of the Schuman plan was that it proposed an *irrevocable* change in the relations of Britain, France and Germany. If the final agreement is not irrevocable, the plan will have completely failed to achieve its purpose.

The significant fact, therefore, which may not be appreciated in Paris, is that Mr. Attlee has not blankly said "No." On the contrary, although the Cabinet fully appreciates all the implications, it seems ready to see if the plan can be made to work. This remarkable change from Mr. Bevin's attitude of a few months' ago has been brought about by two factors. First, Ministers seem to have at last admitted to themselves that the German problem is insoluble on the basis of national sovereignty—we cannot permanently limit German sovereignty without limiting our own; and secondly, they are coming to the conclusion that, strategically, the British Isles are now part of Europe. It is the logic of these two admissions which has driven the Cabinet to consider the Schuman plan on its merits, although it undoubtedly involves a grave sacrifice of national sovereignty.

But success demands a far more positive and energetic approach than the Foreign Office has so far shown. The plan will only work if the British are really determined to make it work—and that means making it compatible with British interests and British ideas of democracy. The Authority must be firmly based on a Full Employment policy; and all the participants must be ready and able to carry it out. It must have executive powers, yet remain ultimately responsible to Governments or, alternatively, to some form of European Assembly. It must level living standards and efficiency up and not down. All these are legitimate demands which Britain must see incorporated in the plan. What is needed, therefore, is a British re-draft of the original Schuman proposals which embodies all the necessary safeguards and so puts the onus of obstruction, not on those who stand for democratic planning, but on those—at home and on the Continent—who oppose it.

Mr. Trygve Lie's Tour

Since his return from Moscow, the Secretary-General of the United Nations has spoken hopefully of having found "no doors closed." But, whatever confidence he may have derived that the Cold War will not be deliberately "hotted up" by either side, there is no indication of his having found a formula to end the present deadlock at Lake Success. So long as China is represented there by an emissary of Chiang Kai-shek, the Security Council and the Assembly seem likely to be boycotted by the Russians. (Even Unesco has fallen under their ban.) Mr. Acheson has his own domestic problems; but Britain, having been among the first to recognise the Chinese People's Republic, should surely take the lead in seeking to end a situation in which the Russian case is, for once, unanswerable. Yet, in the foreign affairs debate before the Whitsuntide recess, all that Mr. Bevin could find to say, lamely enough, was that he felt it would be better for the New China to be in Uno, and that he was endeavouring, behind the scenes, to scrape up seven votes in the Council in favour of this policy. If they could be

obtained, he added, America would accept the decision. This discreet, back-stairs manœuvring will scarcely suffice to restore the prestige which Britain has lost in Asia by the ill-advised agreement to support Bao Dai against the nationalist movement in Indo-China, where the situation is well described in a further article by Norman Lewis which we print this week. Nor, if the material advantages which we hoped to gain from the recognition of Mao Tse-tung are to be realised, is it enough for the British delegate to abstain from voting at Unesco on the validity of the Chinese Nationalist delegation's credentials.

Hollywood and Mr. Wilson

The discussions with Mr. Eric Johnston and Mr. Ellis Arnall, representing the big and the independent Hollywood producers, have not been satisfactory to either the British or Americans. Starting with the proposal that American companies should only remit $7.5 millions a year of their earnings here, Mr. Wilson at last consented to raise this to $17 millions—the rate under the expiring agreement—so long as the Americans are willing to spend as much on producing films here as they have done for the past two years. This request was inspired by the falling employment in British studios—now, as the latest report of the Cinematograph Films Council shows, about sixty per cent. of the 1948 level. But the American delegates were mindful of protests at home (for the U.S. unions are already angry about American production overseas) if they accepted an agreement which aided the British industry at the apparent expense of Hollywood.

Last year, American companies made eight films here; and, after other film spending in this country, permitted by the old agreement, something less than $6 millions remained blocked here. Merely to beg them to maintain the *status quo* does not satisfy either side. Yet Mr. Wilson no longer has the threat of a high quota of British films to wave at the Americans, for British feature production is now down to an annual rate of about forty. Last time, that threat forced through a compromise. Now, as the state of the film industry worsens on both sides of the Atlantic, the need for a comprehensive British film policy increases.

Petrol and Dollars

When Standard Oil and Caltex finally agreed that, if petrol rationing were abolished, they would spend their additional revenue on tankers and other goods to be supplied by the sterling area, the abolition of rationing was the sensible course. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that if, as Mr. Noel-Baker estimates, consumption of petrol rises by about one million tons, British oil companies will also have to import greater supplies, and their "sterling" oil has an average dollar content of thirty per cent. The extra burden on our dollar commitments may not be heavy, but we trust that the substitution programme will still be pressed. It is understood that Standard Oil is prepared to import sterling crude for its refinery at Fawley, whose capacity is being increased to an annual rate of 5.5 million tons. When this extension is completed, the dollar cost of U.S. oil imports should be considerably reduced.

Echoes of Osborne

The National Union of Railwaymen will need to alter one of its rules as a consequence of the decision given last week in the courts. Under the Trade Union Act of 1913, which is now again in full force since the repeal of the Tory Act of 1927, a member of a Union must not be prejudiced in respect of his rights of membership because he "contracts out" of the Union's political fund—except of course that he can take no part in the political activities of the Union. The N.U.R. had got its rules so drafted that a man could not serve as a branch officer without undertaking political as well as industrial duties, and the rule in question was being interpreted as disqualifying political objectors from holding Union office. This was clearly contrary to the intention of the Act; and the N.U.R. executive, instead of fighting the case up to the highest court, has sensibly accepted the judgment and decided to proffer a change of rule to its Annual Meeting. Meanwhile, the injunction asked for, which would have stopped all expenditure out of the Union's political fund, is being held in suspense. It is quite possible that some other Union may have similar rules, which they would do well to put in order without waiting for a string of cases such as those which followed the Osborne judgment a generation ago.

Family Economics

The Royal Commission on Population has now issued a volume of selected memoranda presented to it, all bearing on the present position and prospects of the family. These include Mr. R. F. Harrod's proposals for a graded system of family endowments varying with the family income, to be financed by a compulsory levy in such a way that each income group would meet the costs of its own benefits. Mr. Harrod's object in this scheme was to encourage larger families in the superior income groups by providing for the higher costs of bringing up children incurred in these groups. In another series of memoranda a number of witnesses, headed by Sir Godfrey Thomson and Sir Cyril Burt, submit evidence designed to illustrate the relations between intelligence, measured in terms of I.Q., and fertility, and to show the dysgenic effects of the tendency for the better-off families to have fewer children than the worse-off.

In the opening section of the published volume Mr. Hajnal and Professor A. M. Henderson present a study of the economic position of the family, bringing out both the very uneven distribution of children between families of different social groups and the great variation in the number of defective children in different parental age groups. Their study shows to how great an extent taxation to provide higher family allowances would redistribute incomes for the same families *over time* as well as between households, and would thus in two ways improve the relation between incomes and numbers of children to be maintained. Admittedly, their documents make out a very strong case for considerably higher children's allowances, though many will object to Mr. Harrod's plan for giving higher allowances to the well-to-do than to the poor, even though the excess is to be paid for by levies on the higher income groups. The conclusions about the trend of intelligence are disquieting, even if the I.Q. is not accepted as a fully satisfactory measurement.

PARLIAMENT: Election Thoughts

Whitsuntide.

WHY did Attlee pick bleak February for the election? The thought recurs to members. After all, the administrative changes with which Ministers have been filling the legislative vacuum result—new brooms apart—from the "masterstroke" of devaluation, combined with increasing productivity and prudent stockpiling. Summerskill's increased assistance scales, Cripps' abandonment of the housing cut, Dalton's and Strauss's little "bonfires," Webb's removal of points and Plummer, and Noel-Baker's derationing of petrol could, it is argued, have preceded an election in sunny June.

As it is, the Tories seem to get 50 per cent. of the credit for present reliefs. Men like Geoffrey Lloyd, with their ears to Departmental doors, are quick to arrange advance speeches and questions to devalue the Government's credit, whereas Government supporters are often inadequately briefed about the shape of things to come. And certainly it is much simpler to shout "Free petrol" and be understood than to negotiate and explain bargains about blocked sterling. However, as there *was* an election in February, the real question is whether these events are arguments for or against another in October.

Labour members are not happy about Plummer's dismissal. Webb, who started as Minister with a fund of back-bench goodwill, has dissipated a good deal of it by appearing to play to the Tories. With sweets in mind, some Members were a bit doubtful about leaving fair shares of syrup to the retailer, but they were really shocked by the tone and timing of the Plummer statement. With Strachey abroad and an official report on the groundnuts scheme expected shortly, Webb (many thought) moved with indecorous haste and ill-chosen words.

Several participants in the Far Eastern debate bore out Mr. Bevin's characteristic aside that "one almost forgets what party one belongs to" when immersed in the complexities of modern diplomacy. Faced with the usual hen-egg dilemma as to whether the economic or the military standard ought to be raised first, Driberg found himself in agreement with Banks about the need for greater food supplies, whilst Mott-Radclyffe and Reid insisted that defence was first priority in resistance to Communism. Younger appropriately reminded the House that the Asiatic turmoil and revolt against European domination would have had to be faced, whether Communism existed or not.

This Parliament, and particularly the Treasury Bench, has worn a tired look since birth. Bearing in mind that fourteen out of eighteen Cabinet Ministers are over 60, eight being over 65, and that half of them have held office continuously for ten years, no one will begrudge the fortnight's respite from weekly crises in the Commons.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Outlook After Dorking

Seen in perspective, the Dorking Conference will be remembered as the first occasion on which the Labour Party formally recognised the right of the Co-operative Union to share in the formulation of Socialist policy. In the past there has been a great deal of rhetoric about "the trinity of Labour"; but, while the Labour Party is squarely based on the trade union movement, its relationship with Co-operators has been vague and unsatisfactory. There is always room for one or two members of the Co-operative Party in a Labour Ministry; one big Co-operative Society, the Royal Arsenal, is affiliated to the Labour Party; and in many constituencies Co-operators provide financial and educational assistance on a local basis. But the Labour Party's predilection for nationalisation on the one hand, and the non-political attitude of many leading Co-operators and of the majority of Co-operative Societies on the other, have combined to make collaboration ineffective.

The jolt administered by the electors last February has suddenly changed the atmosphere in the Labour Movement. The Labour Party is beginning to realise the effective limits of nationalisation as a panacea, and to recognise that the consumer is just as important politically as the producer. This is why it is coming to the conclusion that Co-operative ideas and methods may have as big a role to play in democratic Socialism as nationalised Boards.

This change is wholly to be welcomed. By recognising that William Morris, who detested State centralism, had as true—and as partial—a vision of Socialism as the Webbs, who revelled in it, the Labour Party is making itself able to narrow the gap which had begun to separate it from sections of the working class. A readiness to distinguish means from ends, and to experiment with a variety of forms of common ownership and public control, is a sign not of retreat but of renewed vigour.

The danger of this New Economic Policy which Mr. Morrison is now inaugurating is that, in escaping from the prison of doctrinaire rigidity, the Labour Party may bog down in a mush of generalised good intentions about fair shares, incentives and democratic planning. Already we are witnessing a second burst of optimism about the general economic situation and a second bonfire of controls, ominously reminiscent of the mood just fourteen months ago. Points and petrol rationing have disappeared; steel control has been greatly relaxed; our trade with Western Europe is being liberalised, and a payments union will soon follow. Taken individually, each of these measures may be defensive, but they add up to the fact that planning—apart from a few strategic controls—is now limited effectively to the public sector of industry. With regard to the private sector, which includes three-quarters of the total, one must wryly admit that planning is rapidly degenerating into a residual calculation after the event. "Subtract the public sector from the total resources: make an approximate guess of what is left, and then boldly state that this guess is what you planned the private sector should do." The result, of course, is that any economies the Government may decree—for instance, those of last autumn—in fact fall exclusively on the public sector, since this is the only field which the Government can effectively control.

Planning, indeed, is disappearing along with scarcity. Concentration on nationalisation as the chosen instrument of Socialism has meant that, each time a negative war-time control or rationing is removed, there is nothing with which to replace it. Sheet steel, for instance, is still in short supply and rationed to the engineering industry. This means that the Government fortunately retains the sanction which has so successfully forced the motor-car industry into the export trade. But in 1952 the new strip mill at Port Talbot will be in production and sheet steel will be in adequate supply. We doubt whether the Minister of Supply has any idea how he will prevent the motor-car industry from returning to its pre-war habits when he is no longer able, owing to scarcity, to ration its essential raw material. When the American magazine *Fortune* recently reported that British recovery was taking the form of a revival of British capitalism, it was stating a very awkward half-truth.

Yet it is as useless merely to abuse the decontrollers as it is to demand an endless extension of nationalisation. War-time controls and rationing, whether of the producer or of the consumer, were tolerable in a siege economy sustained by Lend-Lease. They could only be retained so long as siege conditions continued, along with American aid. As a glance behind the Iron Curtain will remind us, there is nothing intrinsically Socialist in rationing. Once the points system, for instance, had been narrowed, Mr. Webb was probably right in deciding that it was not worth paying a thousand civil servants to ensure a slightly fairer distribution by the grocers of syrup and chocolate biscuits. Far better to free the housewife to buy what she likes in the shop, provided that you can keep the cost of living steady and maintain the value of the money in her purse.

But the problem remains: what is to replace the war-time system of fair shares? Pre-war Socialist theory held that, by steadily enlarging the area of nationalisation, the Government would finally be able, as in a Communist State, to control the cost of living without rationing. This was at least an intelligible policy, whereas a return to free, uncontrolled enterprise, outside the small public sector of the economy, is not. Moreover, such a return, if combined with the end of the wage-freeze and the after-effects of devaluation, would inevitably force the cost of living up and so accentuate the differences of spending power. That would be the end of the British Socialist experiment.

The National Executive of the Labour Party, therefore, with its colleagues in the T.U.C. and in the Co-operative Union, should not merely be concerned to concoct an election manifesto more effective than the sorry document presented to the public last February. They have got to decide what course they will pursue if they win a working majority in Parliament. This means that they must clearly envisage a Socialist alternative to all-out nationalisation; or, to put it more precisely, they must frame a policy for controlling the private sector of the economy and holding the cost of living steady, now that war-time conditions of scarcity are disappearing.

Such a policy, based though it be on the broad conception that ownership of capital must be progressively transferred to the State—e.g. by the taxation of inheritance or by a capital levy—cannot rely on any single nostrum: it will have to use many and varied instruments of socialisation. As we have frequently urged in these columns, it will have to work towards a planned distribution of the national dividend in terms of wages and profits. It will experiment with Development Councils as instruments of planning within each industry: it will rely partly on physical controls, for instance of new building and the compulsory production of utility goods; it will acquire share-holdings in key enterprises, and it will employ competitive public enterprise, municipal enterprise, and Co-operative enterprise to reduce the cost of living by breaking monopolies; it will continue to redistribute income on a large scale by consumers' subsidies and social services: and, finally, it will treat the nationalised industries not merely as separate profit-making institutions but as essential parts of the Government's armoury in democratic planning. Then, even without further wholesale nationalisation, the Government need not lack the powers to extend public ownership. What it needs above all is a will to employ Socialist planning imaginatively and coherently for the required end.

Europe Inc.

I. Programme for the Ruhr

In the mansions of the Ruhr, set back among the beech and chestnut woods that clothe the valleys around Essen and conceal the smoking chimneys to the North and South, there is to be observed a certain solid satisfaction. It is a provisional satisfaction, for much remains to be done before the debits of defeat can be finally written off; but it is solid, for all that, in the knowledge that events are moving firmly in the right direction. With the prospect of the Bonn Republic's acquiring at least the outward trappings of sovereignty before much time is out, the fetters on private enterprise in the Ruhr are being rapidly removed.

There is probably nothing more remarkable in Western Europe in this sixth year after the war than the aggressive self-confidence with which the owners and effective controllers of German heavy industry survey their situation. But it is remarkable only when seen without its background. These men have some excuse for self-confidence. Though many were incarcerated by the British in 1945, they were all (with one or two notorious exceptions such as Friedrich Flick) at liberty again in 1946; and to-day they form by far the most powerful

Interessengemeinschaft in Western Germany. They and the Catholic hierarchy, acting together through the Bonn Government, appear as the effective masters of the day.

High among the purely political reasons for this self-confidence there may be numbered, of late, the private visit to the Ruhr of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the British High Commissioner-Designate, last December. Not since the days of full appeasement, when Mr. R. S. Hudson went to Düsseldorf in 1939 as a negotiator for the Federation of British Industries under the aegis of the British Government, have Ruhr industrialists received so weighty a compliment. And again this month, as another reminder to Europe that the past is still about its throat with dry disastrous fingers, there came to Düsseldorf none other than M. Paul Reynaud, ostensibly as a private visitor, but speaking, clearly enough, in the name of the French Government.

These visits are a sign, if any were needed, that the concentration of private capital in the Ruhr is still extremely powerful. That the *basic* capacity of the Ruhr cannot be much less than Hitler disposed of may be easily inferred from the reparations record. The value of dismantled industry in Western Germany, according to remarks let fall by Sir Ivone to his Düsseldorf audience, is less than the sum of reparations demanded of the French by Bismarck. Britain's share in reparations from dismantling, according to the same reliable source, amounts to no more than 2 per cent. of British expenditure in Germany since 1945.

During the first quarter of 1950, steel was produced in the Ruhr at the rate of 11.28 million tons a year (exceeding, that is, the "permitted level" of 11.1 million tons). At this rate, according to Director Fugmann of Rheinhausen—speaking before the Iron and Steel Trades Association of Düsseldorf on May 11—capacity is being used only to the extent of 76 per cent. That would give an existing capacity of about 14½ million tons. But this is certainly well below the truth. The Petersberg concessions of last December, which saved the August Thyssen Works at Hamborn and certain other big plants, added (with some reconstruction of processing plants already dismantled) about another 1½ million tons to the "permitted capacity" of 13½ million tons—giving a total of 15 million tons. The true figure, as many believe who are well placed to know, is likely to be nearer 17 million tons—a total, once again, which might be much expanded with relatively little new investment.

Certainly the capacity of the Ruhr to-day is larger, and perhaps much larger, than it was in 1936. The Ruhr, that is, could within a reasonably short time make enough steel to cover, and more than cover, the relatively high level of domestic and foreign demand of 1936—when Germany, it is well to remember, was already in the first stages of rearmament. Furthermore, the monthly rate of coal production is now running at a figure slightly higher than that of 1936.

The organisational future of this massive complex is governed by the High Commissioners' Law of May 17. This is the one controlling instrument which remains in the hands of the Western Powers, now that the much-advertised International Authority for the Ruhr is condemned, by all the signs, to an early death. But it is a control of a peculiarly and characteristically capitalist nature. Like its predecessor, Law 75, from which it differs only by introducing the principle of "adequate compensation" and on one or two minor points, it is intended to do no more than provide for "a reorganisation of the assets" of those industries "which would constitute excessive concentration of power." Lip-service is paid to the idea of preventing a "return to positions of ownership and control of those persons who have been found or may be found to have furthered the aggressive designs of the National Socialist party"; but this is not interpreted—as any list of boards of directors and managers will show—as preventing the men who ran Hitler's industries from running them now.

The Vereinigte Stahlwerke, for instance, is "ordered into liquidation" by this Law. Almost at the same time, however, the principal shareholder in the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, Fritz Thyssen, has been promised back his property by the Government of North Rhine-Westphalia. All that is to happen is that the big concentrations are to be "reorganised" in a number of "individual companies" Instead of owning shares in the Vereinigte Stahlwerke complex, for example, Fritz Thyssen will own shares in several smaller companies formed from that complex. Only the labels are changed.

Nor does this fictional deconcentration apply to several huge concerns in which foreign interests predominate. A special "reserved" schedule includes the Ilseder Hütte, the Thyssen-Bornemissza complex, and the Stinnes group. It is written of these—without a smile—that there is "some uncertainty as to their liability as excessive concentrations of economic power." Yet they differ from the others—some, indeed, of which are smaller and less powerful—only in the fact of foreign ownership. The late Heinrich Thyssen, Fritz's brother, married the Countess Bornemissza and was far-sighted enough to register all his massive interests as Hungarian. Thanks to that, and to large Dutch interests in the complex, the owners of the Thyssen-Bornemissza group have escaped all forfeits—while Fritz, less cautious, was mulcted of 15 per cent. of his properties in Germany (he has much abroad as well) by a denazification tribunal. Stinnes found an even simpler way: he became an American citizen.

There is much of the weary atmosphere of 1926 about all this, though the Schuman-Adenauer Plan for the "union" of heavy industry is, after all, a slender imitation of Locarno. In spite of many circumstantial differences, the economic policies of Western Germany (Allied as much as German) have enabled the industrialists to escape the penalties they feared from defeat in much the same way as the great inflation served them in the 'twenties. The men who lingered in a British gaol at Recklinghausen in 1945 have evaded reparations, prevented a capital levy and effective taxation, secured low wages and a massive army of unemployed, and prepared the way for a new "rationalisation." In some branches of industry, notably in chemicals—where private investment, coupled with much illegal share dealing, is said to have touched the level of 4,000 million DM since 1947—they have gone far towards making their shares among the most attractive investments in Europe. This is the pattern of recovery, at least in Germany, that forms the basis of the Schuman-Adenauer Plan.

Düsseldorf, May. BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

CAUGHT in a traffic crawl on Western Avenue last Sunday, and surrounded by hundreds of motorists celebrating coupon-free petrol, I began to meditate on the difference between Prime Ministers. Suppose that Duncan Sandys, as Minister of Fuel and Power in a National Government, had found it possible to end petrol rationing on the Friday before Derby Day. Would Mr. Churchill have told his son-in-law to make an announcement in the House of Commons and left it at that? Not on your life! At 9 o'clock last Friday—before the news, of course, not after it—we should have listened to the Prime Minister himself unravelling the whole complex skein of oil diplomacy, explaining to us the stages of the negotiations so brilliantly conducted; dramatically describing the hitch in those negotiations at the time of the General Election, which had held up the longed-for announcement and put the Government at some disadvantage when faced by an irresponsible and peevish Opposition; and finally reaching a rich peroration in which we were all invoked to joy and merriment on the morrow. Mr. Attlee is allergic to this kind of politics. So Mr. Noel-Baker rushes into an empty House, pants out a curt announcement and that is that! The Tories are allowed to make all the political capital they like, and someone even forgot to make sure the New Zealanders were informed.

* * *

One can be indignant at the manner of Mr. Maurice Webb's announcement about Sir Leslie Plummer, but one can hardly be surprised. For many months a powerful group in the Cabinet had been gunning for the Ground Nuts Scheme; and last winter, when the first Annual Report of the Overseas Food Corporation was published, Mr. Strachey was under great pressure both to scale the scheme down and to sack Sir Leslie along with the rest of the Board. Mr. Strachey compromised on everything else but kept Sir Leslie, along with Mr. Samuel, the Chairman of the United Africa Company, who was mainly responsible for the fantastic initial plan which was the cause of all the trouble. This caused a revolt in Africa, which he was only able to damp down by flying out there himself to support the Plummer faction on the staff. When Mr. Webb—a protegé of Mr. Morrison—was appointed Minister of Food, it was obvious that something dramatic would happen. I gather that Mr. Webb has decided to recast the whole scheme as a plan for colonial development—it might well revert to the Colonial

Office. As for Sir Leslie, he had only survived the previous storms owing to the persevering personal loyalty of his Minister. In the new balance of Cabinet power he was bound to go.

* * *

Whatever the case may be with feature films, there is much evidence that official sponsorship can produce first-class documentaries. Recall, for instance, those made by the G.P.O. in the past, such as *Night Mail*, or by the M.O.I. in war-time. I am glad that the Transport Commission has set up its own Films Section, both to interpret its work to the public and to make instructional movies for its staff of nearly a million. It is lucky, of course, to have this ready-made audience, which can be reached at garages, railway depots and in the docks. But if its first four films, which I saw the other day, are any guide, it will do an excellent and necessary job.

One of these, *Transport*, will be generally released in the near future, in the Pathé series "The Wealth of the World." It shows how our transport system has grown up, since the Industrial Revolution, as a hotch-potch of competing methods—roads, canals, railways, then roads again—until we now have, for the first time, unified control of all the arteries of our economic life. It is a real achievement to tell this story clearly and fairly in less than twenty minutes. The other films, *Berth 24*, *Inland Waterways* and *Moving House*, deal with more specific problems—work in the docks, on the canals, and Pickfords, now the public removers.

Edgar Anstey, who is directing this work, tells me that twelve more films are scheduled for the coming year, some for public release and some for internal use. If they all are as close to life as the first four—the casts consist of transport workers doing their own jobs and speaking in their own dialects—and if they remain as objective, I cannot see that anyone can complain of propaganda. On the contrary, we shall all learn a great deal about our transport.

* * *

Lord Henderson, I feel, would have been wiser to think twice before endorsing in the Lords, even by implication, Dr. Adenauer's claim that somewhere between one million and 1½ million German prisoners are still "hidden" in the U.S.S.R. As the *Manchester Guardian*, basing its view on a careful statistical analysis made in Geneva by Professor Frumkin, has pointed out, there is little real evidence to rebut the Russian statement that the total number of prisoners taken by the Red Army was 1,900,000, all of whom—apart from a few thousand war criminals—have admittedly been repatriated. The German figure, 3–3.5 million, seems to have been arrived at by simply adding up the totals given in successive Russian battle communiques. Apart from the fact that these were in all probability exaggerated figures, they almost certainly included many thousands of wounded prisoners whose deaths, in the conditions of winter warfare in Russia, may safely be presumed. Furthermore, an investigation made in 1947 in the U.S. Zone gave a figure of P.W.s which, extended to the whole of Germany, corresponds closely to the numbers stated by the U.S.S.R. at that time to be still in captivity. Talk about a million Germans "alive and missing" in the Soviet Union is no doubt good propaganda in the Cold War; but, since it keeps countless German families hoping miserably that they will once again see men long since dead, I find it cruel and revolting.

* * *

I am sure that those who missed the Reverend Michael Scott's recent meeting at the Central Hall will be glad that the National Peace Council (144 Southampton Row, W.C.1) is arranging a public meeting on Thursday, June 8, in the Kingsway Hall, at seven in the evening. The other speakers besides Michael Scott will be Ritchie Calder, Okoi Arikpo and Kingsley Martin. This meeting precedes a conference on "The Human Crisis in Africa," which is being held on the following Saturday.

* * *

Revisiting, last Saturday on Epsom Downs, the glimpses of a moon which set (for me) twenty-five years ago, I had a feeling that the Derby has been a little muted by the touch of time. True, the crowd was undiminished; and there they still were, the old familiar figures—tipsters, tic-tac men, gypsies with itching palms—to say nothing of the grey toppers round the paddock, unscathed by two World Wars. But the swings and roundabouts seemed to me less thronged than of old; the show-people, living in their chromiumed trailer-caravans, had all the decorousness of the Welfare State; and though there was a buzz of tongues in Tattersall's and round the Tote, the "outside" bookies appeared to have lost completely their lungs of brass. The odds were laid with a confidential, under-the-counter air.

Post-war fatigue? Or is it that the gusto of Derby Day has departed, with Bacchus, to courses visited less sternly by the collectors of Excise? There may have been champagne hampers in enclosures whither my purse did not take me; but, where the Common Man was enjoying his Century, the only party I found at all "under the influence" was a coach-load of Americans—pockets duly packed with "pints," and the grass round them deep in empty cans of Pabst. Happy? I have no clue. All my evidence is that, as Galcador flashed past to beat Prince Simon, a sombre young man wearing a papier mâché policeman's helmet stepped from the coach, clutched my lapels and said: "You can't talk to a Marine." He said it three times, very slowly. I could find no sort of intelligent reply. POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The practice of singing the National Anthem in the Stock Exchange on appropriate occasions is to be resumed. . . . Singing will be conducted from a seat in the Gilt-edged market.—*Financial Times*. (R. Ashburn.)

Mixed bathing is permitted in the council swimming baths at Bradford-on-Avon (Wilts) only if the bathers are related.—*News Chronicle*. (Pat Sloan.)

Said producer Albert Lewin: "We have one version for the civilised world—and another for Britain."—*Daily Express*. (M. C. Jones.)

Dr. R. Leslie Ridge, chairman, told Middlesex executive committee of the Health Service, yesterday, that a set of false teeth was found stuck in a meringue behind a tree at Buckingham Palace after a garden party.—*Daily Express*. (M. Shearn.)

People's attitude towards illegitimate children has changed because of that feeling of war in the air. They feel the children are needed to fight.—*Daily Mail*. (J. O'Callaghan.)

N.B.G.

Out of the Ruhr and Saarland pits
The Schuman Plan would forge one whole;
We give no thanks for benefits
Of supra-national control.

Beyond the plan a threat appears
Of cartellised industrial rule;
Authority that interferes
Finds and will find us rather cool.

Despite the urgencies of France
Great Britain has not budged nor bowed,
Blindfold commitments in advance
She has not bloody well allowed.

It matters not what Powers appeal,
It matters not what States enrol,
We are the masters of our steel,
We are the captains of our coal.

SAGITTARIUS.

Report on the Viet-Minh

[This is the second of two articles by a Correspondent lately returned from a tour of Indo-China.]

WITHOUT armour or air-support, the Viet-Minh will find it difficult to drive the French out of the delta flat-lands of Indo-China, whereas the French have not shown that they can defeat the Viet-Minh in country where these advantages cannot be exploited. One is tempted sometimes to conclude that the resultant impasse may even suit the Viet-Minh's book, as apart from the limited zones of activity in the North and South, they are left to the undisturbed development of the territory they occupy. It is essential for the Chinese frontier to be kept open, and important, but less urgent, for the French expansion in Cochin-China to be contained. In both instances the situation from the Viet-Minh's point of view, is well in hand. In the North, the French posts along the frontier are mostly isolated, supplied only by air, and under constant fire. In the South, a virtual stalemate obtained until early April, when the Viet-Minh counter-attacks were launched. At the beginning of the year the plodding French advances along the main roads had been brought to a standstill by constant harassing tactics in their rear. Before the regular army, the African troops and the Legion could be free for further advances, Vietnamese auxiliaries had to be brought in to garrison the re-conquered, and theoretically pacified areas.

It is these allies that have provided the French with such a problem. They need them because of their own weakness in man-power, but do not trust them enough to arm them efficiently. As it is, acts of banditry by these

Vietnamese partisans of the French are of almost daily occurrence; but although they are armed well enough to terrorise the villages in their vicinity, their equipment is insufficient to enable them to withstand full-scale attacks by the Viet-Minh. Realising this, the Viet-Minh took care to launch their April offensive in precisely these sectors. At Tra-Vinh and Bien-Hoa a great number of defence positions were taken in a single night, and the French troops which had to be rushed in suffered heavy casualties in the ambushes which had been carefully prepared along the lines of communication. When, after several weeks, the Viet-Minh withdrew, they were richer by an immense amount of war material captured in the posts. Since this experience of the military value of their Vietnamese supporters, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the French shy at the request of the Bao-Dai Government that arms to be supplied by the Americans should be furnished to it direct.

In the meanwhile the Viet-Minh continue at home to press forward with their reforms. From the Socialist point of view, these are moderate and cautious, and lend colour to the repeated assertions of Ho-Chi-Minh and other leaders of the Government that, despite French propaganda, the movement is a nationalist and not a Marxist one. Under article 12 of the Constitution the rights of property are guaranteed. I found, indeed, that many of the Viet-Minh intellectuals I met were of the land-owning class, and still drew revenues from the peasants working their land. Rents had been scaled down to 50 per cent. of the pre-war level, and even absentee landlords, provided that they had not been found guilty of "collaboration," were allowed to accumulate blocked credits in respect of such rents.

Perhaps it is this very caution, this reluctance to depart entirely from the ancient ways, to disrupt too deeply the country's economic structure, which, by retaining the good-will of all sections of the populace, has contributed to the striking success of the Viet-Minh's agricultural drive. Eschewing all statistics, it is sufficient in illustration of this to cite the fact that foodstuffs, particularly rice and dried fish, are now imported under French licence from Viet-Minh territory into Saigon. The existence of this commerce, originally conducted through the black market run by the Chinese community (which in return, supplies petrol to the Viet-Minh) discounts the usual French claim that their drive in the deltas is cutting off Viet-Minh food supplies. The abundance and cheapness of food which permits of its export in this way is attributable to the intensity of the Viet-Minh propaganda drive for increased production (" not an inch of land uncultivated, not a single idle hand "), to the planting of new types of crops, and new scientific methods.

Closely following in importance these successes in the economic sphere comes the drive against illiteracy. The Vietnamese claim that at the time of their conquest in 1858 they were a totally literate race. By 1945, literacy had been reduced to 12 per cent. of the population, and this fortunate few, although usually able to name the principal rivers of France, knew little of the problems affecting their own country. Viet-Minh propaganda never ceases its bitter allusions to the fact that whereas, in 1943, to take a typical year, the Government spent 4½ million piastres on the purchase of opium for the State monopoly, the sum spent during the same year on schools was 750,000 piastres. The situation is now such that it is—quite astonishingly—punishable by a fine for any person above eight years of age, in Viet-Minh territory, to be found unable to read and write.

The third great reform has been in the sphere of public hygiene. In a previous article I have described the astonishment of a prisoner of the Viet-Minh when forbidden to plunge his chop-sticks into the common rice-bowl. Another such revolutionary change in the nation's personal habits took place following a decree that each house-holder should provide his house with an outside latrine. Thus overnight as it were, that odour considered by Europeans to be most typical of the East, was banished from the Viet-Minh's dominions. These are two minor, but truly revolutionary aspects of a frame of mind which has followed up with compulsory vaccination for all, and is now instituting a nation-wide anti-malarial campaign.

The shortage of manufactured goods in the Viet-Minh territory has been aggravated by the prohibition of entry of all articles of European origin, apart from those essential to the prosecution of the war. There are many small plants, rather than factories, dispersed throughout the country, producing such articles of prime necessity as paper and soap. The nation dresses in black calico, and the fine quality silk produced, which is sometimes to be seen on sale in Saigon, is all exported. The power for these myriad small-scale enterprises is largely supplied by the engines removed from captured vehicles. Although certain revenues are earned by the export to Thailand and China of food-stuffs, tea, pepper, medicinal herbs and precious woods, the principal trade—now openly recognised—is with the French-occupied towns themselves. From this comes the dollars required for the arms which are purchased in Thailand, the Philippines, and above all in China, where large stocks of the excellent American equipment supplied to their defunct ally there are becoming surplus. As the importation of dollars into French Indo-China is illegal, some way has to be found of getting round the law. This is done with the enthusiastic co-operation of French officials and, above all, business men.

The racket works roughly in this way. By greasing the palm of someone in a high place a firm gets a licence to import certain "essential" goods from France. By previous collusion with a contact in France a false invoice is supplied for an amount perhaps a thousand times in excess of the value of the goods. Sanction is now obtained for the transfer to Paris of funds in payment, at the totally absurd official rate, of course, of 17 francs to the piastre. With the surplus francs, dollars are bought on the open market, smuggled back to Indo-China and sold to the Viet-Minh at approximately 55 piastres to the dollar, against the official rate of 21—which is what they cost. It is usually when the Paris end of this profitable arrangement is tempted to double-cross, provoking a lurid finale of pistol-shots and dagger thrusts, that the searchlights of publicity are focused.

Apart from arms, all the Viet-Minh needs to import are hospital requisites. These are obtained through the infinitely resourceful Chinese of Saigon, though sometimes, when the prices get too high, the Viet-Minh goes direct to the staffs of the European hospitals themselves for their streptomycine and penicillin. Last year, indeed, the director of Saigon's largest civil hospital was dismissed for engaging in this widespread commerce. It is always well to remember that the standards of French colonial morality are accepted by the French themselves as being below those of the Home Country, that persons banished for grave civil misdemeanour are allowed to occupy exalted posts in Indo-China, and that corruption in high places, whether military or civilian, is now so commonplace and has been so well publicised as to be hardly worthy of comment. One has sometimes the impression of watching the frantic scavenging of vultures among the ruins of this colonial enterprise. The cost of living has increased to three or four times that of France, and the colony is being run at an immense loss, but there are plenty of the latest American cars to be seen about the streets of Saigon, while a blizzard of thousand piastre notes flutters nightly across the gaming tables. One imagines the Viet-Minh permitting themselves a grim smile at the spectacle of the processes by which their enemies embrace destruction.

NORMAN LEWIS

Sterilisation and the Law

WHATEVER the law says, there are surgeons to-day who, in extreme cases, will sterilise a consenting patient for reasons additional to the accepted one of preserving the life or health of a woman unfit for child-bearing. What does the law say? Apart from the civil liability of the surgeon, to whom the patient's consent might be no defence, it is now well-settled criminal law that a death caused unintentionally by a person committing a felony is not murder unless the felony itself involved physical danger to the victim. There must also be an element of physical danger to make manslaughter of an unintentional killing caused by an unlawful act which is less than felony. Abortion is a felony. Generally speaking, therefore, the abortionist whose operation results in the death of his patient is, academically, a murderer—unless he can prove medical necessity. And *prima facie* the surgeon who performs any illegal operation which the law does not declare to be felony is, if his patient dies, guilty of manslaughter.

But the comparative clarity of what the law says about abortion is in striking contrast to its attitude towards sterilisation. There is a distinction between sterilising operations performed for the sake of the patient's health and those which are solely intended to prevent the propagation of defective children, assuming in both cases a proper exercise of professional

surgical skill. In the latter case the consent of the patient, even if he were legally capable of giving it, would be no defence to a charge of manslaughter. But, perhaps even more unfairly to the medico, it would be no defence to a charge of mayhem.

"Mayhem," says Blackstone, "is an atrocious breach of the peace and an offence tending to deprive the Sovereign of the aid and assistance of his subjects." He defines it as "violently depriving another of the use of such of his members as may render him the less able, in fighting, either to defend himself or to annoy his adversary." Accordingly, "cutting off, or disabling, or weakening a man's hand or finger, or striking out his eye or foretooth, or depriving him of those parts the loss of which in all animals abates their courage, are held to be mayhems. But cutting off his ear, or nose, or the like, are not held to be mayhems because they do not weaken but only disfigure him." (And knocking out his back teeth was not mayhem because those are not the teeth with which a man comes to the aid of his Sovereign.)

By the ancient laws of many European countries, including England, anyone who maimed another by depriving him of any part of his body was sentenced to lose the like part (*membrum pro membro*); but the penalty fell into disuse when it was found that persistent offenders cheated the law by having a limited number of ears, feet, hands, teeth, and eyes. "The law of retaliation," said Sir Edward Coke resignedly (but in marked contrast to many angry publicists discussing crime to-day), "is at best an inadequate rule of punishment." Nevertheless, like many great jurists before him, he held that one kind of mayhem, castration, was "an atrocious felony at Common Law," punishable with death or perpetual exile, even though committed under such great provocation as that which moved a certain "Gentleman of Somersetshire," in 1229, to castrate a monk caught in adultery with his wife.

"There were obvious military objections," remarked the 1934 Departmental Committee on Sterilisation, discussing the ancient doctrine of mayhem, "to allowing a man to do or to undergo anything which disabled him from begetting sons." There are similarly obvious "military objections" to the permitted sale of contraceptives; and Hitler, for example, was as fully persuaded of this as he was convinced of the social expediency of compulsory sterilisation for the purification of the master race. But the climate of public feeling in this country about any hint of compulsory sterilisation may be judged from the uproar that followed a recent Birmingham case, in which it was reported (erroneously) that an illiterate, 28-year-old mother of six children, charged with neglecting one of them, had been put on probation on condition that she consented to be sterilised. She had already, it seems, agreed to the operation, but not as a condition of any probation order (no Bench would dare to make such an order); and the surgeon at the hospital which she attended, having examined her, had failed to find that sterilisation was necessary to her health and refused to operate.

Her case serves, however, to raise again the question whether voluntary sterilisation, in the case of potential parents with transmissible defects such as certain forms of blindness, deaf-mutism, hæmophilia, and brachydactyly, should not be legalised. The case for it rests on the broad principle that no one, unless conscience commands, should be forced to choose between complete sexual abstinence and the propagation of children who will be a burden to themselves and to society. "It is not for us," said the 1934 Committee, "to discuss how transmissible physical defect should be defined for this purpose; but we are unanimous in the conviction that it is both anti-social and inequitable that persons who have good reason to fear that they may transmit to their offspring grave physical disabilities should be left without any remedy except the harassing uncertainty of contraceptive devices."

The Committee went so far as to define the operations it recommended. In the case of males, vasectomy—the cutting and tying of the spermatic cord—a slight operation necessitating only a local anaesthetic and a day in bed. In the case of females, salpingectomy—the removal of the Fallopian tubes, involving an abdominal incision similar in severity to the operation for simple appendicitis and an absolute minimum of two weeks in bed. In the case of males, there were said to be physiological reasons why the operation should be postponed until full maturity; in the case of females, there were none. In neither case was there any diminution of desire or capacity.

Two main considerations moved this Committee of doctors and sociologists to recommend, unanimously, the legalisation of "eugenic sterilisation." One was "the dead weight of social inefficiency and individual misery entailed by the existence, in our midst, of over a quarter of a million mental defectives and a far larger number of persons who, without being certifiably defective, are mentally subnormal." The other was "the injustice of refusing to those who have good grounds for believing that they may transmit mental defect or disorder, and who are in every way unfitted for parenthood, the only effective means of escaping from a burden which they have every reason to dread. . . . It is idle," said the Report, "to expect that the section of the community least capable of self-control will succeed in restraining one of the strongest impulses of mankind."

That was said sixteen years ago. Since then, the Royal College of Surgeons, Lord Dawson of Penn, the Bishop of Birmingham, numerous individual M.P.s, and a number of associations for the welfare of the blind have vainly urged the Committee's recommendations upon successive governments; and the Church of England Moral Welfare Council is at this moment investigating the problem as one of urgent social importance. Any proposal to permit sterilisation will, of course, have the uncompromising condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church, supported by many non-Catholics who believe that voluntary sterilisation would end in compulsion. Meanwhile the incidence of inherited mental defect is rising steadily.

C. H. ROLPH

So They Say . . .

HEADLINES such as those which streamed across the front page of the *Daily Worker* on May 23—U.S. THREAT TO OCCUPY NEW COUNTRIES; "MAINTAIN ARMIES ALL OVER THE WORLD"—are not entirely unexpected in that newspaper. But when they are taken, as these were, from a speech by the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Alben Barkley, curiosity as to what Mr. Truman's deputy actually said is legitimate. Yet, apart from the *Daily Worker's* report of the speech at a United States Armed Forces Banquet (carried by Reuter from New Orleans) which included little more than the statement that America "may have to occupy more countries before the cold war is ended," there was no report whatever in any other British morning paper, nor in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Stretching a Point

News Chronicle, May 15:

> Another big change in the points system is expected soon . . . the Minister of Food is more likely to increase points than dispense with them entirely.

News Chronicle, May 20:

> Announcing his decision [to abolish] points rationing—a decision which was forecast for this week-end in the *News Chronicle* last Monday . . .

Selective News Service

Readers of *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, *News Chronicle* and *Daily Mirror* (who would otherwise not be aware of it), might be interested to know that the Executive Council of the National Union of Journalists has set up a committee of five to deal with matters of journalistic standards and ethics. This, the first official manifestation of conscience in Fleet Street, was reported on May 26 by only the *Daily Graphic*, the *Daily Herald*, and the *Daily Worker*.

Department of Deliverance

News Chronicle, May 26:

> Frank Owen resigned on Wednesday from the editorship of the Tory *Daily Mail* . . . But, in spite of what Fleet Street believed yesterday, he is not going to edit the *News Chronicle*. We are more than content, thank you.

. . . and Purgation

Daily Worker, May 26:

> With the appointment of Mr. Guy Schofield as its new editor, the *Daily Mail* achieves a Fleet Street record—ten editors in 20 years. The editorial chair in Northcliffe House is now known in the newspaper world as "the hot seat."

Morituri Te Salutant!

Daily Express, May 18:

> *P.* 4: Odhams Press deserve congratulations on raising their dividend from 17½ to 20 per cent . . .
>
> *P.* 5: TWO MORE MAGAZINES DYING . . . Odhams Press, owners of *News Review*, say they reached their decision with reluctance . . .

AUTOLYCUS

The Politics of "Keeping Out"

THOSE of us who have been brought up politically in the pacifist movement find ourselves in evil case to-day. In 1940, when the Nazis were at the gates, many of us recanted our pacifism and, hard though it is to give up the faith of a lifetime, I don't see how, in the light of that recantation, it is possible to return to it to-day—not at any rate in its simple form. Yet it is equally hard to disembarrass oneself completely of the modes of thought in which one has grown up. How then face a situation in which, still basing their policies on the so frequently exploded belief that to be well prepared for conflict is the best way to prevent it, the nations are preparing as hard as they can for another war in the hope that it won't occur?

To-day the unscathed pacifists are advocating what amounts to unilateral disarmament. (I submit that unconditional refusal to make or use any atomic weapons does in modern conditions fall little short of unilateral disarmament.) What, if we followed their advice, might happen? There are broadly four possibilities, of which the first three are almost unimaginably horrible, while the fourth offers a way to salvation. First, we might be bombed and to a large extent destroyed by Russia, possibly without notice. This is not, I think, a contingency that need weigh with us. On the assumption that such an action is technically possible, the Russians, if they desired to commit this vast atrocity, could destroy us any day or night, whether we had atom bombs or not, and they would have more incentive to do so if we had them than if we were disarmed.

Secondly, we might be destroyed either deliberately or inadvertently in the course of a war between Russia and the U.S.A., or, alternatively, be unable to import food and so be reduced to starvation. As to this, it may be said that, granted a war between Russia and the United States, such eventualities could not in any event be ruled out. Whether their likelihood is increased by our being armed or disarmed is anybody's guess.

Thirdly, we might yield to Communism or oppose it non-violently.

Fourthly, disarmament, properly timed and launched, might enable us to assume the moral leadership of the world. From such a position we could call a conference at which we could adopt the rôle of mediator between Russia and America which we are at present disabled from assuming by Russia's knowledge that we are in fact highly partisan, with the will and the power, if it came to a "showdown," to make our partisanship effective.

Has pacifism nothing at once more realistic and more constructive to offer towards the relief of our present predicament? One's present feeling of hopelessness derives from a fatalism which, seeing the situation worsen daily, seems unable to suggest any method of averting the war in which it bids fair to end, combined with the conviction that the atom and the H-bomb must make such a war, at any rate for the inhabitants of this island, catastrophically destructive.

But the fatalism is itself based upon an assumption, the assumption, namely, that if war came we must take part in it. But is this assumption inescapable? It is surprising, considering the importance of the issues involved and the amount of discussion they evoke, how little consideration has been publicly given to the question whether and on what terms we could keep out. To judge from the utterances of statesmen, nobody seems to be devoting his attention to working out the kind of diplomacy which we should adopt if we wanted to keep out—and surely we cannot but want this—and which would be best calculated to keep us out.

Consider for a moment the countries that succeeded in keeping out of the last war—Eire and Portugal, Switzerland and Sweden. Have they a lesson to teach us? In the case of Ireland and Portugal probably not. These countries were off the main routes of the war and there was little to be gained by overrunning them. The cases of Switzerland and Sweden are different. Their inclusion in German-occupied Europe would have been a substantial asset to the Nazis. Why were they not included? Not because they could not have been conquered and overcome, but because the price of conquest would have been too high. Well armed and defended, they had a high potential nuisance-value, while, as neutrals, they were immensely useful in supplying Germany with the materials and goods she needed. Their conquest would have absorbed much German money, time and manpower and turned them from useful trading neutrals into further centres of resistance.

The potential nuisance-value of Britain—and, still more, of the whole or part of the British Commonwealth—in a war between America and Russia would be enormous. Our navy, our submarine force, our world-wide ring of bases, above all our air force armed with atomic and hydrogen bombs, would constitute an immense reinforcement of American arms. These great forces might well make the difference between victory and defeat. Rating it at its lowest, we should have a high potential nuisance-value. It is this, I suggest, that we might now bring into play as a bargaining counter.

Let us consider how a statesman who wished to explore the diplomacy of "keeping out" might proceed. He would, I suggest, contemplate no sudden break with the past signalised by some dramatic declaration, but rather a change in the direction of policy which would gradually but increasingly manifest itself through a long course of negotiations extending, perhaps, over years. It is not a question of saying to the Russians, "If you will co-operate and 'play ball,' we are prepared to renounce the manufacture and use of atom and H-bombs, which means that you can count on our neutrality should war break out between yourselves and the Americans." It is a question of considering, first, what degree and kind of armament will confer upon us a maximum nuisance-value without crippling us financially.

It is a question of considering, secondly, along what lines a new approach to Russia could most helpfully be made. It is here that a realist pacifism might have much to learn from a report prepared for the American Friends Service Committee entitled *Some Quaker Proposals For Peace*, drawn up by a body of leading American Quakers.*

Having made the familiar preliminary points that the two systems, that of the Western democracies and that of the U.S.S.R., are likely to continue for as far ahead as we can see, that they must, therefore, learn to co-exist without conflict, that the present tension is largely due to mutual fear which increased armaments will intensify instead of diminishing, but that neither side is likely at present to promote its policies by means of deliberate aggression, the report proceeds to indicate certain principles governing the lines along which a new approach to Russia might be made. The principles concern themselves with three main issues; first, an increase of trade between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. embracing such measures as the withdrawal of American restrictions upon exports to Eastern Europe, the granting of credits as a means of promoting East-West trade, and co-operation between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. in the giving of technical assistance to undeveloped areas.

Secondly, the reopening of discussions for a German peace treaty preliminary to the establishment of a united Germany and its inclusion in the United Nations.

Thirdly, and most important, a fresh orientation of United States policy in regard to Uno, directed to establishing Uno as a body for settling international disputes and reducing the burden of armaments. To this end the report contains a number of detailed recommendations as, for example, the deliberate seeking out and concentration upon issues on which the United States could vote with the Soviet Union and the exercise of great caution in proposing measures which are likely to divide Uno, the training of an international civil service, the making of frequent changes in the personnel of delegations which have apparently reached an impasse, and so on. An American initiative to reduce the burden of armaments is also suggested. Important points here are a refusal to consider the problem of atomic power apart from armaments in general, control and inspection of all existing armaments, and the destruction of stock piles of atomic bombs both in the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

It is not, of course, suggested that any of these proposals is immediately practicable. They are at most pointers to the lines along which a new approach to Russia might be made. So far as concerns our own part in the matter, the approach is, I suggest, most likely to yield results if what I have called the potential nuisance-value of our armaments is fully maintained when the approach is made and progressively reduced as and when the negotiations begin to bear fruit. If we were successfully to pursue the diplomacy of "keeping out" for the next few years, we might expect the situation in, say, ten years' time to wear a totally different and, we might hope, a much less menacing aspect.

C. E. M. JOAD

* This book was recently published in this country by the Oxford University Press under the title of *The United Nations and The Soviet Union*.

Country Magic

WHEN I first came to this isolated part of the agricultural world, I was warned by the old rector, who called to have a glass of sherry and a worldly chat, that there were some queer folk in the parish. I had already observed that they were prone to extraordinary exaggeration. A local thunderstorm would strike them as a cloud-burst at the hands of an angry Jupiter Pluvius; a winter's flood would be recounted as a deluge of Biblical proportions (a proper country story, that flood of Noah); and a summer's drought would become for them a grand climacteric, a forerunner of seven lean years. But until the rector initiated me into the local superstitions I was not aware that with some of the elders of the village the natural and the supernatural had become hopelessly mixed. "If you come across the Darbye family," he said, "you will find that their women never dare to cut the meat during one period of the month. And old Shury, our oldest inhabitant, certainly believes in, if he does not actually practise, fascination for the evil eye." I had, indeed, met the glittering stare of this strange patriarch. "By the way," the rector added, "I would advise you to be careful how you deal with your rats. There is a superstition here that rats are possessed of the devil."

It is still a remote village, cut off from modern traffic, lying on the edge of an escarpment which looks over the stripling Upper Thames. I do not suppose that it has changed much in character since the ancient Britons waded through the marshes of the Vale of the White Horse and stumbled down to the ford of the neighbouring hamlet at the bottom of the hill. A tradition of magic has probably been handed down through the village elders. Not far away rises Dragon's Hill where St. George slew the last dragon of Berkshire. The villagers still point to the bare patch on the flat top of the hill where no grass will grow because of the dragon's blood. Beyond Dragon's Hill lies the neolithic cromlech called Wayland's Smithy after the mystical and kindly smith who used to have the traveller's horse shod while he slept. There is such an atmosphere of magic round and about the place that I was not in the least surprised by the rector's warning. And I took good care in future to avoid looking rats—and old Shury—in the eye.

Soon after this talk with the rector, I was walking alone through the manorial warren when I met the old woodman, by name Cosin, cutting a branch off a berberis. The warren is a wood, with a strange mixture of trees and curious artificial fish-ponds, which has altered little since medieval times, except that poachers are no longer brought before a manorial court to have a finger chopped off. I asked the old man what he was doing. "The wife has the jaundice," he replied, "and the best cure for jaundice is the bark of the barberry tree." He went on to list various medicinal herbs, each with a miraculous cure for some fierce disease. "But you mustn't touch that," he added, pointing to an evil, corrugated yellow growth on the stump of an old tree. "That's witches' butter." With that he turned abruptly and carried off the branch of the "barberry tree" without another word. It flashed across my mind that his sudden departure might have been prompted by a feeling of guilt. Could it have been that his wife was a witch? It was odd how naturally the suspicion seemed to come.

A few days later I was to hear more about witches. There was an old man named Busby, working on the next farm, who lived in a dilapidated thatched cottage near the ford. He might have stepped straight out of the Middle Ages. His clothes were shapeless. His trousers were tied in some way about his ankles and calves. An unrecognisable hat drooped over his face. His moustache was like that of an elderly walrus. Scrubby white hairs grew out of his nose, his cheeks and his ears. He had never spoken to me, although I had often called "good morning." But one day my wife and I were sitting on some straw beside a tumbled-down rick when old Busby came trundling along, eyes fixed on the ground as usual. To my astonishment, he stopped and muttered something. With this encouragement I asked how it was at the ford. It was a foolish question because he lived alone with a wife, who never spoke, and five or six cats to whom he was constantly talking out of necessity. "I suppose nothing much changes at the ford," said my wife by way of apology for my feeble opening. "Nothing much changes?" he repeated in astonishment. "I'd say it changes a mighty lot. Why, we had two witches once—at least one lived at the ford and the other up river at Ten Foot bridge."

He seemed willing to talk, so I asked him how long ago that might be. "Couldn't exactly say," he replied, "but there was the foreign lady at the Manor who died—you'd know about her—and when they came to fetch her to burial the horses reared up and wouldn't pull the carriage. Sweating with fright, they were. So they sent down to the witch at the ford to ask what to do. And the witch said them horses would never pull the carriage. 'Unharness them,' she said, 'and get two milk-white martens. They'll pull the old bitch.'" He chuckled to himself as though it happened yesterday.

"And did they?" I asked.

"I never heard nothing to the contrary," he replied, "but the funny thing is I never seen milk-white martens, only brown martens." "But what happened to the witch?" my wife called as he started to walk away. "Oh, they drownded her in the river," he chuckled again. "And the other at Ten Foot bridge?" "Oh, they drownded her too," he answered, "but I've seen her many times since in Walnut Tree meadow. Haven't you?" Happily, he did not wait for an answer.

When I met old Busby again, fishing near the ford, I recalled his story, for I had found out that more than a hundred years ago the then lord of the manor had married a Russian. "Do you really believe in witches?" I asked. He looked at me strangely and replied: "If you don't believe in witches, what are you to believe in? If you'd lived here as long as I have, you'd believe in witches right enough." I saw at last what he meant. It needs the supernatural to make the tedium of the natural world tolerable. NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

The Arts and Entertainment

THE LAST OF STRAUSS

I AM not sure whether the Four Songs for Soprano and Orchestra, which Kirsten Flagstad introduced at a recent Philharmonia concert, are in fact the very last compositions to come from Richard Strauss. Both in quantity and quality, the final decade of his long life proved to be a kind of Indian summer; and possibly a whole sheaf of compositions (apart from the unstaged *Liebe der Danaë*) has yet to reach us. But no more appropriate farewell to the world could be imagined than these songs of 1948. In them we find the old artist, supreme master of his craft, lovingly turning over for the last time those stuffs and tissues which mean the most to him; and in the final song achieving a wonderful, calm apotheosis. Slight and relatively unimportant as they are, these songs make us think of Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*, but with the gnawing unhappiness of that work replaced by a golden acquiescence. The pace is leisurely, hostile critics will say lethargic, but the old craftsman is not to be hurried. The composer of *Elektra* has finished with violence; the composer of *Ein Heldenleben* returns to the inexhaustible pleasures of euphony and the common chord. In such keys as D flat and E flat, romantic horns push their way gently through the middle of a softly glowing fabric; the sound of the orchestra is luxurious, padded, Tennysonian, and in every respect calculated to outrage the fashionable Puritanism of our day.

During the latter half of his life another passion had come to mean almost more to Strauss than his mastery of the orchestra. His love for the voluptuous, blooming, radiant quality of German soprano tone—a tone fundamentally different from that of any French or Italian soprano—reminds us of nothing so much as the passion of Rubens or Renoir for the ample and sensuous curves of the female body. Those prolonged melismata spreading high above the stave in great semibreves and minims (condemned by stern critics because they obscure the words) are an essential feature of his later style; since *Rosenkavalier* the chief lyrical moments in his operas have been almost invariably entrusted to sopranos—and sometimes to two or three singing in concert. Kirsten Flagstad, like most Scandinavian singers, approximates to the German timbre, though with more heroic splendour than romantic glow; magnificently as she sang these songs, I am not certain that a tone closer to that of Lotte Lehmann or Tiana Lemnitz would not have suited them still better. The orchestral playing, in the safe hands of Dr. Furtwängler, was of a memorable beauty; and I cannot recall a more richly musical performance, either vocally or orchestrally, of the final scene from *Götterdämmerung*. Sumptuous, saturated tone-quality of this sort has almost vanished from the world.

I am unable to agree with those enthusiastic persons who find Boris Christoff one of the great singers of the century. He has a noble bass, certainly, which develops a thrilling power around the upper C and D; but he darkens it too consistently, and is liable to produce, when singing all out in the middle register, a curious buzz like a fly caught in a jam-pot. His *mezza voce* is impressive so long as it remains above the whispering level. As an artist he is immature and variable. The Russian repertoire shows him at his best; but, since he is apt in these songs to sound like a carbon copy of Chaliapin, he should not allow himself to be billed as "Chaliapin's legitimate successor." Nor should he sing

German Lieder in public until he knows them better. To perform Schubert's *Erlkönig* with one's eyes glued to the book produces an absurd effect: "den Erlenkönig mit Kron" (flip of the page) "und Schweif." As Plunket Greene insisted, singers need all the help their eyes will give them with their audience; an occasional quick glance at the text is the most they should ever allow themselves.

Though Massenet's *Manon* (like all French operas) is an almost hopeless proposition in English, the new Covent Garden hero and heroine are at any rate an improvement on their predecessors. Walter Midgley has a true tenor quality, and sang the Dream Song with great intensity and lyrical feeling; in the scene at St-Sulpice he marred this good impression by singing everything, even the climactic B flats, in a soft head voice. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf made a pretty and dramatically effective Manon, and sang stylishly, though (as in *La Traviata*) with too many impulsive flutters and hints, and too few solid, definite, clear and unmistakable notes.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BERTHE MORISOT

VALÉRY's remark that the work of Berthe Morisot is like "the diary of a woman who expresses herself by colour and line" exactly suggests its unaffected informality if one remembers that the diarist is never introspective and that, with none of the masculine pretensions of Rosa Bonheur or Lady Butler, she recorded only those sights and events which lay within the bounds of family life. She exhibited at most of the exhibitions of the Impressionist group and besides her natural choice of the common subject from the present, she passively accepted a general impressionist method which her greater contemporaries stretched to accommodate their more powerful creative personalities. Most of the pictures in the exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery are so delightful that it is hard to have to suggest that they suffer from two weaknesses so dangerous in an impressionist—in colour and design. Berthe Morisot, after her earliest period, strictly used the broken colour of theoretical impressionism.

Every stroke of colour upon a canvas not only establishes its distance from the eye, but also operates with every other note of colour within the compass of the sight. The larger, the more vehement the strokes, the more assertive they become whenever the relationship is false. The problem of the impressionist method is to combine the desired vivacity of light with a consistent and unified surface, to avoid making forms, even under the modifying influence of light, a jumble of coloured facets. (It is a failure in this which turns so many 1950 Impressionists involuntarily into near-abstract painters, as the chaotic dance of coloured touches remains detached from the objects which the artist has so earnestly watched.) The colour scale of values is, in fact, a more difficult and potentially disruptive instrument than the tonal scale and a painter like Monet must be as precise a colourist as Matisse, for example, whose art depends upon the exact relationship of large areas of colour. The free and brilliant handling of impressionism must always be disciplined by a most exact sensitivity and knowledge. Berthe Morisot did not command this precision and there are many places in these pictures where the strokes of colour become too assertive, where light certainly plays, but over forms unintentionally distorted. This failing, it must be confessed is often hidden by the extreme virtuosity and sweetness of the handling and the claim of her vision. Some of her best pictures are those in which she is closest to her first master, Corot, where the colour is not arbitrarily broken and the paint more calmly used.

It was, perhaps, as much a recognition of this weakness in herself, as any feeling that impressionism was incomplete which brought the definite changes of method after 1890. The strengthening of the contours, the exchange of the earlier scribblings for a straight combed coat of brush strokes and the Renoir colour, at once hotter and colder, in fact, took her into a world of forms which she did not understand. Her weakness in design is more noticeable and less irritating. Her pictures fray at the edges and their pattern is generally inert.

With this weakness in mind, it is interesting to go on to the Degas show at the Lefevre Gallery. There the "Jockeys avant la Course" is as unrehearsed and a more rapid snapshot than anything by Berthe Morisot and yet the slender starting post, with its top and bottom out of the picture, establishes a precise Golden Section and the same proportion exists between the post and nearest circumference of a pallid sun breaking through mist. Whether or not this was deliberately contrived, it is typical of Degas' wonderful sense of interval and spacing which gave such intensity to his unposed subjects. The angular, nervous movements of horses and jockeys operating within the elementary geometry of the setting—which has something of the effect of Piero's architecture—is the finest piece of pictorial invention to be seen in the present London exhibitions. It shows how a great artist can transcend a prevailing artistic tendency while a good one like Berthe Morisot may only reveal its virtues *and* its weaknesses. There are also at the Lefevre a number of large pastels including the "Après le Bain" of 1888, formerly in the George Viau collection, in which the handling of the medium is miraculous, and twenty bronzes, among them six horses to reinforce one's appreciation of the picture I have already mentioned.

BASIL TAYLOR

HIS EXCELLENCY

THE Mask Theatre, which was formed with the idea of finding and putting on plays of contemporary interest, was, after its first (Mr. Priestley's *The Linden Tree*) rather unlucky in its choices. But it has now found a winner. *His Excellency*, to be seen at Princes Theatre, is the only successful attempt I remember to put a Labour politician on the stage, and to treat him neither as a stooge nor as a caricature, but as a human person endowed both with good and bad personal qualities and with the advantages as well as the defects of his upbringing and life experience. Mr. Harrison, the hero of the play, is an ex-docker from the North of England put into a position of power. The authors, Dorothy and Campbell Christie, have made out of this a most effective play, both gripping and moving.

The spectacle of men not born to them, carrying off positions of high dignity, old traditions, and grave responsibilities, is itself intriguing. It was clever of the authors to narrow the issue by making the Yorkshire docker the Governor of a rather backward island, where the position, the dignity and the responsibilities, are all on show in a confined space; and where an issue—about higher wages and the introduction of income tax for the first time on the island—can be easily and quickly deployed and blown up into a crisis. The introduction is swiftly and economically sketched in. Awaiting the arrival of his new excellency are his permanent staff, pleasant, prejudiced, ruling class types: the young aides-de-camp, ordinary "decent fellows"; the lieutenant-governor, whose wife thinks he ought to have had the job, the best sort of civil servant, socially biased but professionally impartial; the admiral in command of the dockyard, frankly hostile; the G.O.C. already slightly impressed in spite of himself by the Governor's having noticed a misplaced blank file in the guard of honour at the airfield. (It takes an ex-sergeant major, he tells the general later, to know about blank files.) The door is thrown open and his excellency announced. In he walks—and what a wonderfully exact and telling entrance Mr. Eric Portman makes of this. He is in regulation frock coat and striped trousers; but it's the walk you notice; for it isn't a regulation walk. It isn't quite a slouch either, but it's certainly not the traditional dignified. It's got individuality, purpose and character, and also a measure of self-distrust. It says, I'll meet you on your ground if you'll meet me on mine—but look out for me. It says, I'm not easily bamboozled, at least I'm not going to be if I can help it. It implies friendliness, but suspicion too, assertion and pride but warmth as well. All in a walk of a dozen paces. Mr. Portman provides something here that is unusual on the English stage, a star performance that is nevertheless not a mere personality performance. This is the art of acting from the inside of a character at its highest; and Mr. Portman keeps it up all the way through the play. Not one gesture or inflexion is commonplace or conventional. Every detailed touch contributes; every movement is genuinely in the part.

We already foresee, as indeed we should, from this first entry, how in outline the play will proceed. But the authors invent their details both convincingly and with sufficient cunning in the twist. The Governor wins the affection and devotion of his staff even in the face of an obstinacy and impracticality which lands the island in a dangerous riot and the Governor in a humiliating climb-down. That is the second act. And the third shows him triumphing in the aftermath by sheer personality and leaves us at the end a vista; he is going to be an "awkward cuss" as Governor all his term. It will be a perpetual battle between them and him, and, though he will win in the end, it will be only on points: and both sides will accumulate a greater wisdom in the course of the clashes. It is a pleasure to welcome to our theatre a successful political play. But though political, this one is theatrically effective and warmly human, indeed it is highly sentimental in a very English tradition (to be found especially in school stories) where the rough diamond turns up trumps, and the children of privilege who start by being hostile, end by cheering. It reminds us slightly of a school song which we all sing together, feeling that we are all united in being sportsmen. Which is a nice feeling, and one that even represents an aspect of truth about us as a people, and the sentiment is a characterisation discreetly handled.

The evening is a triumph for Mr. Portman. It is a pity that the rest of the casting has not been so happy. Mr. Sebastian Shaw is polished and assured as the lieutenant governor, but no real particularisation of the civil service tradition comes through. Mr. Arnold Bell only just gets by as a general. There may be admirals on the navy list who walk and talk and look like superannuated Norland nannies. But that was just the kind of admiral that was *not* wanted here. Fair shares for all should be the motto for all producers of all political plays. (In any case this admiral's make-up was suitable only for musical comedy: the make-up throughout wants a second look). On the other hand, Miss Annabel Maule combined her cleverness with the author's tact to keep the dangerous part of the Governor's young daughter on the right side of the line. The two aides got better and better. Mr. Philip Leaver contributes an amusing caricature as the police chief of the island, Mr. Owen Fellowes, a sharp little sketch of its Prime Minister.

T. C. WORSLEY

TELEVISION NOTES

A CORRESPONDENT invites me to chide the Royal Opera House and the B.B.C. for their combined failure to give Midland villagers a sight of an opera performance from Covent Garden. Tax payers' money, he rightly asserts, is being used to subsidise this expensive art, but only a minority of them can possibly hope to see an opera on the Covent Garden stage. One of the answers is that the mechanics of a television transmission from the theatre would be laborious and expensive. The installation of the many mobile cameras on their tracks, and of the intricate lighting system required for television, make it impossible to lay on a direct performance from stage to screen; while to hire the theatre, singers and orchestra for a special night during the season would run up a

bill beyond even the B.B.C.'s capacious pocket. The dimensions and acoustics of the Royal Opera House, moreover, are not sympathetic to those of television; and, finally, what would the crowded scene of one of the major operas look like when compressed into the little rectangle of our screens?

Meanwhile Alexandra Palace tries its hand, occasionally, at studio productions of opera. It wisely selects those modest pieces which do not demand the manipulation of a big chorus or wide perspectives of scenery—Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*, for example, deployed in one scene by a handful of singers. But although this choice was excellent for size, it failed, I thought, on other grounds. It is a fragile piece, in which action and music keep on repeating themselves. There is no movement to speak of and no scope, even, for "business" which might mitigate the static situation. All that remains for us to contemplate, then, are the close-up pre-fabricated grimaces of orthodox operatic comic characters—a spectacle which rapidly becomes unendurable. So much so, indeed, that I lasted out the session only by the expedient of switching off the vision and attending to the sound.

One of the most acceptable plays of the month, I thought, was *The Title*, Arnold Bennett's comedy of the dilemma of the man who was offered a baronetcy. The situation is amusingly sustained, but it was the quality of the acting rather than the adroitness of the dramatist that made the entertainment. Raymond Huntley and Jill Esmond gave a model demonstration of intimate acting in which they knew to a hairbreadth when to freeze their features into immobility, and when to reveal an emotion by the twitch of an eyebrow. Television thrives on this kind of finesse but there are still few actors who seem to realise it—including most of the others who played in this piece.

Although Outside Broadcasts are now beginning to enjoy their summer heyday, there have been indoor sports worth watching on the screen. One was *Aquacade*, an assembly of divers, acrobats, clowns and beauties disporting themselves at the Leyton Baths. The underwater pictures achieved something of the illusion of a mermaid's cavern, and the arabesques contrived out of whirling limbs and elastic torsos were singularly beautiful. W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"Orpheus," at the Rialto
"Stage Fright," at Warner's

IN making films of his plays M. Cocteau employs, as might be expected, great agility of mind. *Les Parents Terribles* he took straight, almost word for word; and the result was dramatic intensity of the first order. *Orphée* presented quite another problem. Here the cinema could not possibly take over a situation in which every stage property and every sentence served a conjuror's purpose. A kind of celestial—or in the circumstances, infernal—punning raised the vanishings, the melting mirrors, the spiritualistic horse, the wrily joking head at the end to strange heights. The poet's magic (a well-known legend being used to trace out the dangers of poetic exploration) was supported by tricks of the stage magician; as though, shall we say, "the Great Dante," with wand and opera-cloak, were to point his performance with extracts out of *Inferno*. "Let me speak," exclaimed this poet, "the magic word"; first he had to find it; and in a sense the whole thing was done by mirrors. It worked—in the theatre.

In a cinema the poetry and the tricks take on a very different aspect. The word is weakened: that's true of all poetic film-drama, from Shakespeare down. And the opportunity for visionary tricks becomes limitless. Cocteau decided (as who wouldn't?) to scrap his stage-text and go all out for the cinematic bag of tricks. The screen Orpheus, then, is a famous modern poet, fêted, persecuted, scornful of rivals and harpies at the café; he has reached that stage in his art when only renewal, the dictates from some hidden new world, can save him. He picks up fragmentarily such poetic messages on his car radio; and his madness, that of a Rimbaud or a Blake, falls heavily on the luckless Eurydice. Death visits her—a young woman in black with rubber gloves, accompanied by outriders on motor-bikes. And so, in trances, through melting mirrors, we get Eurydice lost, the journeys to and from the shades, her rescue, the compact, the compact broken, Orpheus's infatuation with Death, him dead and her dead, to and fro, up and down, but in the end, it would seem both returning. . . .

Well, how far, on this commuter's ticket between worlds, do we get? Far enough, if a little too often, is the answer. Some passages (Death hurrying through a deserted arcade, the agoraphobic ascent to a police station, and the blitz-blackened underworld) engulf beautifully as they should; others—too many others—create an ominous bewilderment, in which from time to time, Gluck's flutes spell out a divine clarity. What the film misses, and the play so outrageously and cunningly held, is just that simplicity. The last phase of a poetic idea isn't necessarily the best; and Cocteau's 25-year-old Orpheus-idea has wandered a little too far from its source. Not even the bemusic'd beasts remain, unless you count the horse's head over the garage. But there's still, of course, flight, both for eye and ear, and an intensity of imagination such as no one else brings to the screen. *Orpheus* should certainly not be missed. However, the performance shouldn't be missed; decor, photography, and acting (especially by Jean Marais and Maria Casarès) are alike brilliant.

The new Hitchcock thriller, *Stage Fright*, tries to set out with the old tension we'd forgotten, shows off La Dietrich in a wonderful wan self-mockery, flags rather, turns aside to stage irony and discovers once again in Mr. Alastair Sim a master of hypnotic comedy, charms us with Miss Jane Wyman, throws in for extra weight Mr. Miles Malleson and Dame Sybil Thorndike, and altogether provides pretty good entertainment; remembering from time to time that the thrill should be (but here isn't quite) the thing.

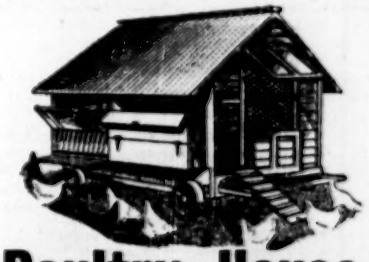
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Winters Tale," at the Open Air Theatre

On the night of my visit to Regent's Park, the rain held off, so that there was no need for recourse to the stand-by tent; but, with the wind that blustered through Queen Mary's Garden, there was little difficulty in conjuring to the mind that fatal storm on the sea-coast of Bohemia, and I should not have been surprised if the bear who dined so horridly on the shoulder-blade of poor Antigonus had worn the same fur as Brumas. The Bankside Players merit more clement weather; for they present this, the most preposterous play that Shakespeare ever had a hand in, most engagingly. Robert Atkins, you may say, is a shade too heavy in stature and demeanour for Autolycus; and I found Judith Stott, as Perdita, too much a pretty chit to be convincingly Sicilia's lost daughter. But Anthony Eustrel deals finely with Leontes' rage and remorse, and Pauline (Vivienne Bennett) speaks her lines beautifully. And even a chilly night—after all, what are rugs for?—cannot quench the magic of the trees floodlit against a slowly vanishing sky. A. V.

"The Bells," at the Bedford Theatre

At a fairly tender age I was taken by my parents to see Irving play Mathias in *The Bells*. Safe in the upholstered security of those late-Victorian days, they thought (I imagine) that I should be edified by the technique of a great actor and suitably impressed by the innocuous thrills of a famous piece of "ham." As such I (dimly) remember the performance—the unquiet ghost of the murdered Polish trader, the accusing sleigh-bells unheard save by the murderer, the nightmare trial in which Mathias (surely a touch of the sinister in him as played by Irving) suffers just



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retribution for a long-buried crime. "Smashing" blood and thunder, if I recollect aright; and after the matinée one had toasted buns and (I think) ice-cream. *Non sum qualis eram . . . The Bells*, I make no doubt, is still just good "ham"; and I do not equate Frederick Valk, fine actor of Ibsen though he is, with Henry Irving in the capacity to send shivers down the back-bone: his Mathias is a portly, decent *père de famille* who has almost forgotten his one lapse from grace. But in the trial scene he contrives to exploit emotions on which Irving could not, in his period of history, play: sweating with terror, his fleshiness collapsed, his accented English broken by anguish, he becomes the embodiment of all the bewildered victims of a justice which, meted out in the name of National States, has made far too much moral indigestion to be tolerable. This production is directed with unexpected Kafkaesque effect by Ken Tynan. A. V.

Mary Kessell, at the Leicester Galleries

Mary Kessell, in her first one-man show has been impelled or has bravely chosen to paint subjects not in the current of the time—Biblical stories (Tobias and the Angel or the finding of Moses), Biblical texts and the mysteries which lie behind them, states of human suffering among the oppressed, the displaced and the refugee. She has even borrowed one of Blake's visionary spirits, Thel. Not in the current of the time, because few artists have tried to invent a new stock of suitable images to replace that dusty accumulation thrown away at the end of the 19th century. And Miss Kessell's work does rest upon the power of the individual images for, in the developed pictures, they stand alone, projected palely on to an empty setting. They are not part of some logically ordered world of space and volumes. The figures or groups of figures are written as it were, in the way of the Chinese artist, on to the canvas, and the Eastern influence in warmth and feeling is strong. The surface of these paintings is most obtrusive. The pigment is so fastidiously worked, scraped, glazed, scumbled, that the work becomes almost an *objet de vertu*. (Even in the smallest drawing the medium is likely to take control, it seems.) One is not convinced that such texturing is integral with the conception and one is tempted to look through the veil and examine the images lying beyond, the images which embody the subject. Behind the surface of No. 26 "Woman at a Cafe" there is, it must be confessed, little more than a near-Degas and everywhere in the Biblical pictures the forms are unexceptional, neatly and delicately drawn, but weakly conceived and often sentimental. B. T.

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Correspondence

OPENCAST COAL MINING

SIR,—It is a curious fact nowadays, but as soon as those of us who demand an ordered, reasonable, humanistic setting for our lives and an end to the planless scramble that would scarcely do credit to the lower animals, raise our voices in criticism of some wide-scale onslaught on the landscape, we are promptly accused of being ill-informed and intemperate enemies of public enterprise and the Socialist Government. Yet an examination of the parliamentary debates when they take place on the Adjournment indicates that the criticism is by no means confined to the Opposition but comes from members of all parties.

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England is an example of a non-political organisation which is certainly not ill-informed and which prides itself on a balanced approach to such problems. Far from ignoring the disfigurement caused by pit heaps and subsidence due to deep mining, or the wellnigh irreparable devastation caused by opencast iron ore working, the C.P.R.E. has for years made a special study of these problems and made constructive proposals to the Departments concerned and in evidence before Government Committees appointed to go into such matters. But what has been done? Take the case of iron ore working for example. The Kennet Committee on the Restoration of Land affected by Iron Ore Working reported in 1939. The Waters Committee in 1946. In 1948 the Minister of Town and Country Planning appointed two Standing Conferences to advise him on the subject. Mr. Dalton announced recently that he hoped to produce a White Paper and a statement of Government policy. For over 10 years the matter has been under examination and so far we are unable to report any noticeable progress. Nor can it be said that any noticeable progress has been made about the stowage and disposal of overburden from the deep mines.

As Mr. Mervyn Jones points out in his articles about opencast coal working, for the first time a Government has accepted responsibility in a matter of this kind by endeavouring to restore land after opencast coal working. The trouble is that there is as yet no guarantee that restoration and after-treatment will be effective. Indeed there is a grave risk that in many cases it may prove to be ineffective, or at the most, short-lived from the point of view of subsequent fertility and production; while the interference with the maintenance and expansion of food production in the country cannot be denied at a time when it is of the utmost importance, in the national interest, to produce as much as possible of the nation's food from home sources. The devastation of the landscape is of course complete. The fact that three years are now required for an examination of the restoration question at this late stage, rather savours of the procrastination in connection with the iron ore problem, and if not a mere red herring indicates that the problem exists and is grave. It is submitted that the long-term value of crops, including woodlands, is of far greater value than the once-for-all value of coal mined in this way under conditions which were introduced as a war-time emergency measure. It should never have been continued under peace conditions purely on the grounds of expediency and, one suspects, to try to make up some of the £14,000,000 actual loss already incurred in the process by keeping the expensive excavating machinery employed.

There is also the very pertinent argument that these coal resources formed a strategic reserve for the very purpose for which they were exploited during the war. Would it not have been wiser to have called a halt to the process at the end of the war and to have concentrated on getting a bigger output from the deep mines?

Perhaps it is not quite so "unrealistic" as it has been described to emphasise that there is a loss of output from the deep mines due to the increase in absenteeism, comparable to the annual output from opencast methods.

As to the acreage percentage being "minute," some 51,000 of agricultural land already taken and 30,000 more required, this must be read in conjunction with all the other onslaughts on productive agricultural land, the total acreage of which is so formidable as to justify, in the view of the C.P.R.E., an official inquiry into the whole question of land use.

Times are hard, competition is keen and, we are told, the earth was made for man, but are we not being rather too complacent about it in this small island of ours? H. G. GRIFFIN,
Secretary.
The Council for the Preservation of Rural England,
4 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—In the closing paragraph of the Comments in your last issue, you write that "the positive evidence of Mr. Rothstein's scholarship was not challenged by those who upheld the action of the School's management."

This suggests that the Council of the Association of University Teachers had been called upon to adjudicate on the question of scholarship, a task for which it is not fitted by its constitution. That there were differing views on the subject was already known to the meeting, and Mr. Rothstein was given very full opportunity of repeating his own statements, which did not go unopposed. But the ground on which the case had been brought before the Association was the suspicion that Mr. Rothstein was a victim of political discrimination. After investigation, the statement of the responsible authorities of the School that they had acted on academic and not on political considerations was accepted.

It should be obvious that action cannot be taken by a public body in the absence of evidence. The Council framed its resolution accordingly, at the same time reaffirming its adherence to the basic principle that there should be no discrimination against University teachers on merely political grounds.

I hope, Sir, that none of your readers will dispute either of these principles. AVERY WOODWARD,
President.
Association of University Teachers.

SIR,—Mr. Andrew Rothstein is an Englishman who apparently thinks that the well-being of his country depends to some extent upon an objective understanding of Russian actions and intentions. He seems to have made a long and careful study of the subject.

That we should be deprived of his services and he of livelihood because he states facts which do not please our American masters and their British servants is bad enough; but it is evidently only one of the early steps in the suppression of all ideas which offend the political bosses of a decadent civilisation. However, it seems to be a course likely in the long run to defeat its purpose.

Western Europe has denied itself full advantage of the special abilities of Einstein, Thomas Mann, Joliot-Curie, Bernal, and now of Andrew Rothstein. What is the next step? Our American masters have exposed their own next move in reactionary absurdity by attacking their outstanding public men at the behest of private interests. Having by a fierce campaign of falsehood and abuse rendered the term "Communist" as terrifying to their public as the term "Christian" was to its Roman prototype they proceed to destroy themselves by attaching the scare-label to any public servant who is not reactionary.

If these suicidal methods are pursued here, we also shall eventually be governed by fools in blinkers. From such men Asia, Russia, and the Eastern democracies will have less to fear.

Fortunately for them! But for us?
Kilcot, Newent, Glos. RUTLAND BOUGHTON

SIR,—At its recent Annual Council meeting, the Association of Scientific Workers adopted a resolution protesting against the dismissal of Prof. Joliot-Curie from his post in the French Commissariat of Atomic Energy. The day following, the *Evening Standard* criticised this action of the Association in a leading article. I am not concerned with the arguments concerned, which are in my view beneath contempt. What is important is the final paragraph, which calls for the publication of the names of the delegates who voted for the resolution "so that the shame and ignominy of their action may be visited upon these foolish scientists"—or, in less heroic language, in order that their employers may have an opportunity of giving them the sack.

One does not know the name of the writer of the article in question since, despite his mania for the publication of names, his own article remains unsigned. But presumably he is a member of the National Union of Journalists. It is therefore appropriate to ask whether that body feels no responsibility at all to the public for ensuring that its members respect the fundamental principle of democracy—the protection of the weak against the powerful, which is all that is involved here? Can the N.U.J. not represent to the Press Lords that there are certain levels below which journalists refuse to sink? Will it join the fight for the maintenance of elementary civil rights or will it acquiesce tamely in the gradual destruction of every principle of restraint and tolerance?

163 Fox Lane, D. G. ARNOTT
Palmers Green, N.13.

SIR,—Here is another political test. As you know, international scientific congresses are held in summer to enable an interchange of ideas between scientists, who in this respect pride themselves on their internationalism. This summer, for the first time for many years, such a congress is to be held for mathematicians, and the centre chosen is Harvard. British mathematicians are urged to attend, and university institutions pressed to send official delegates. In the usual way I applied for a visa as a delegate, offering an explicit assurance that I would confine my public utterances to reading a paper at the Congress on a methodological problem on Induction—not a highly subversive subject. My visa was refused by return. I then wrote explaining the serious nature of this step since it imposed a political test for attendance at a mathematical congress, and asking what steps I had to take to try to secure a reversal of the decision. In reply I was informed that a person mandatorily prohibited from entering the U.S.A. is forbidden to apply for a visa. This was, of course, no reply to my question nor was it sense, since the U.S.A. cannot forbid a British citizen from doing anything—yet. The consequences of this decision are significant:

(i) Many scientists in France, Italy, Britain and other European countries are, because of political tests, being prevented from attending an international Congress in the U.S.A. It follows that the U.S.A. cannot object if that country is excluded from the list of countries where international congresses can be held.

(ii) British institutions if they continue to take part in such congresses must exclude from their choice of delegates those who cannot pass the U.S.A. screening test.

(iii) Institutions in this country which have arrangements for the interchange of staff with their opposite numbers in the U.S.A. will have to choose only those who again can pass this political test. Both (ii) and (iii) are tantamount in practice to applying the U.S.A. political test in academic institutions in this country, a procedure that so far is supposed to be foreign to academic tradition. HYMAN LEVY

43 Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5.

SHORTAGE OF DENTISTS

SIR,—Referring to the debate on the school dental service in the House of Commons on Monday, 8th of May, we beg to draw your attention to the fact that there are 30 fully qualified dental surgeons with German university certificates in this country prepared to ease the serious situation caused by the great shortage of dentists in the school dental service. They have been living in the United Kingdom for 10 years and more and have become British subjects meanwhile.

These dentists could treat 200,000 cases per annum at least if they would be given the chance to do so.

To safeguard the dental and thereby general health of some thousands of children and also adults the service of every single one would count in the large scheme and the help of these dentists would be of greatest value.

The 30 fully qualified dental surgeons have gone through the same training and education at the same universities as the continental dentists who were admitted to the Foreign Dentists Register before 1937 and whose services for the National Health Scheme and especially in the dental school service are highly recognised by the authorities concerned.

Although the position shown in the debate illustrates the tremendous shortage of dentists as an acute danger to the school dental service, these 30 dentists are still refused permission to render the services so urgently required.

It is for the Minister of Health now to act and to make use of each dentist available in the country.

W. ADLER
Association of Unregistered Continental Dental Surgeons.

FORGOTTEN CITY

SIR,—Mr. George Leather in his article on Barcelona in your May 20 issue quotes some lines of Rex Warner describing the assistance given to Franco Spain in the Civil War, and goes on to say:

". . . the political truth (of these lines) has not been altered by the fact that our own arms have been sent to serve a similar purpose in Greece."

May I ask (not for the first time in your columns) why it is democratic behaviour to give support to a Government elected by popular vote in Spain in 1936 but not to a Government elected by popular vote in Greece in 1946. The Franco rebellion was a military revolt against an elected Parliamentary Government; and so was the Markos rebellion in Greece. If it was "Fascism" to support the Franco rebellion in Spain why is it "Fascism" to support the Parliamentary regime in Greece?

Or does Mr. Leather mean that military rebellion is justifiable and praiseworthy when it is undertaken by the Left and only reprehensible when it is carried out by the Right?

I may add that I was in Republican Spain quite shortly after the 1936 election and the outbreak of Civil War, and in Greece during the 1946 election and much of the subsequent period of civil war. I have no doubt at all that the latter election was a good deal more fairly conducted. But as it was not won by the Left, Mr. Leather probably regards it as "invalid." CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

46, Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

SIR,—It is hard not to be cynical, writes George Leather. But how does our hollow laughter sound in the ears of the Spanish Republicans who believed in our promises; who remember, as Alvarez del Vayo remembers, the "passionate regret" in Mr. Attlee's voice when he said to the Socialist members of the Spanish Cabinet: "If only we were in power!"

George Leather is right when he says that a political truth does not become a lie by the passing of a decade or the advent of a new international line-up. But wringing our hands will not help us, nor our hollow laughter, nor the difficulty of not being cynical, when we stand before the judgment of history and answer for British Labour's betrayal of Spanish democracy.

Some of us have not taken refuge in cynicism. Unfashionable though it may be, we still feel proud to have been members of the International Brigades, and we still stand for the things we believed in when we fought for Spanish freedom in 1936–39. We stand to-day for a refusal to trade with Franco and prop up his rotten economy. We stand for a refusal to accept him as an ally in any circumstances. We stand for the demand that the United Nations should enforce its own resolution of November 1946 which provided for action by the Security Council if a democratic regime was not established in Spain "within a reasonable time."

If George Leather's article has awakened sleeping consciences, as it should, your readers may be glad to know that there is an organisation which exists to keep alive and to mobilise the very deep sympathy that once existed throughout the British Labour movement for the fight for democracy in Spain.

NAN GREEN,
Secretary
International Brigade Association,
374 Gray's Inn Road,
London, W.C.1.

MR. PATRICK HERON

SIR,—I understand that Mr. Patrick Heron is no longer contributing art criticism to your columns; and I should like to put on record an expression of deep gratitude for the services he has rendered, during his term of office, to the arts of painting and sculpture. Mr. Heron is something very rare in the history of criticism—an artist of distinction who can at the same time express himself clearly in conceptual terms. We have had plenty of painters who could on occasion be very witty and aphoristically penetrating; but with the possible exception of one other contemporary painter, we have to go a long way back—indeed, to the eighteenth century and Sir Joshua Reynolds—for the particular combination of gifts represented by Mr. Heron. The only consolation—and it is a considerable one—lies in the extra time which Mr. Heron will now be able to devote to his painting. HERBERT READ

[We hope that Mr. Heron will continue to contribute occasional articles to these columns.—ED., *N.S.&N.*]

MIRACLE AT BATLHAROS

SIR,—Prayer, faith and human activity have indeed wrought a miracle, and St. Michael's Hospital, Batlharos, is £324 14s. 8d. richer in worldly goods, which translated in terms of the hospital's activities will mean greater service to the people of the Kalahari desert.

We wish to thank you very much for your help in this matter as all efforts on behalf of this hospital were inspired by the article on the hospital appearing in your journal. The total contributions from the readers of the article "Miracle at Batlharos" and the efforts of the concert party at the Player Theatre and the performance of *Stabat Mater* in the S.P.G. Chapel brought in the above-mentioned sum, which will now be forwarded to the hospital in Kuruman.

MARY P. GELL,
Medical Missions Secretary
The Society for the Propagation
of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

RESTRICTED NUMBER OF PAGES

Owing to the dispute in the London printing industry the sizes of issues are restricted. Many advertisements, both displayed and classified, are unavoidably held over pending a settlement.

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Books in General

THE biographies of M. André Maurois have always had a good deal of art in them, sometimes too much. In his foreign subjects, especially, he has often been the clever mimic with a lively eye for the picturesque and the salient and with a wit quick to draw an ironical outline. Those passing party gifts have been dropped in his new book on Proust* and we have something serious and well-found. The art has not gone into colouring a character who was often bizarre enough; but into an expert shuffling of the letters, the vivid impressions by Proust's contemporaries, the notebooks, and the interminable quantity of criticism that a great genius sets going.

M. Maurois might have been tempted to debunk a cult: Proust was one of the first writers to anatomise the large secret society—as he called it—of European homosexuality and that made him the fashionable confessor of a sect. For many years, his taste, his style which so deeply flattered the ego by its meandering orchestration and which was ever sharpening the point of our desire for excellence, and his exposition (in terms of art) of Bergson's philosophy, turned him into a fashionable priest, the very monseigneur of grace. He belonged to the revolutionary period—now gone—of difficult and, in their varying ways, monstrous books. He was "modern" in that (as the French critic Pierre Quint has said) he pushed the quests of anxiety to the limit where all our ready-made ideas are put in doubt and we are left with nothing to do but "probe our wretched and continual insecurity." M. Maurois neither reduces the cult nor does he put these other matters in a new perspective. He is a devoted biographer and for him Proust is "the greatest French moralist since the 17th century."

The events of Proust's life are few: the greater the master the more assiduous the clerk. His story is also well known. We know the spoiled and ailing child with the chalk-white face, the lavish Oriental eyes. The essence is that he was adored by his Jewish mother and that he adored her. Their relationship was more like that of lover and mistress than of mother and son. There was, on his part, the frantic craving for more tenderness and love, the jealous anxiety of losing. The craving was to lead to those excesses of helplessness, flattery and suspicion which turned him into a fantastic when he grew up. He

> quite sincerely believed he could achieve nothing unaided. He would complain, would announce that he was ill or ruined, would exploit his sufferings and take pleasure in his own jeremiads, simply because he regarded an excess of wretchedness as the surest way of opening a credit account of sympathy. He was well aware of the tremendous power of weakness: 'It is among those who belong to the magnificent, the lamentable family of neurotics that we find the salt of the earth. They it is, and not others, who have founded religions and achieved masterpieces'.

He was rich, frivolous but not idle; having money saved him, as M. André Maurois wisely says, from spending himself in facility. The fact that he was unable to write his great work while his parents were alive, was a blessing in disguise; not until their death could he face the facts about himself freely and draw upon his guilty and secret life as a homosexual. His frivolous *boulevardier* personality had been a defence. But the death, above all, was one of those decisive catastrophes that have so often released the fullness of genius. That death exiled him from childhood. It drove him from life to literature and to the isolation of the famous cork-lined room, the fumigated cell of the invalid.

It would please psychologists if we could exactly time the beginning of the masterpiece by this crisis in Proust's case-history and flatter the theory that art is an illness or an aberration. But works of genius are also the result of positive and (may one dare to say?) "normal" impulses. Proust's immense reading, his nightly exercises in writing, his long labours on Ruskin, his elaborate notebooks regularly filled for years, must be reckoned. An artist needs to be trained in courage. Proust's courage (M. André Maurois points out) found its occasion in the Dreyfus case, which made him conscious of his Jewishness. He had from his father the gift of analysis and accurate diagnosis: pain sharpened what was already there, made him "unsusceptible of consolation." A remarkable memory was made prodigious by the grim opportunities of insomnia.

> Finally, to his parents he owed that sense of duty without which nobody, be he artist or man of action, can achieve anything outstanding. But with him the sense of moral obligation took that special form of artistic responsibility which consists in painting with absolute truth what is seen.

The case of Proust is indeed a frightening example of intellectual integrity and decisiveness, to which all human things are almost coldly sacrificed.

One sees the decision taking form in *Swann's Way*. It is based on observation of himself:

> Whether it be that the faith which creates has ceased to exist in me, or that reality will take shape in the memory alone, the flowers that people show me nowadays for the first time never seem to me to be true flowers.

Under the surface, in the still submarine labyrinths, lie the drowned flowers of reality. The aim of consciousness is not moral action; it is art. Art is the only meaning and the only end of life. And so the moment we open the huge novel, the longest that has ever been written, and certainly the richest in aesthetic experience—so that an unfrocked Ruskin at the height of his incantations might be imagined writing that part of it—we put on the sun-glasses of one who finds the present light fierce and obliterating. People and places are turned into a kind of yesterday more finely detailed and perceptible than that day seemed in its full sun, indeed stronger and more complete. We see with our minds. We shall say when we encounter the Verdurins, Norpois, Charlus, Odette or Brichot: this is Balzac. Balzac with the gluttony and the coarse appetite for present life, taken out. It is as if the large, indiscriminate pictures of the *Comédie Humaine* had been reduced to an affected collector's miniatures, housed by him in a magnificent building. They are displayed by a cicerone in words that convey the ecstasy of the poet, the humility (which is half presumption) of the scientist, the sharp flair of the neurotic, the austerity of the sick man. He not being indulged by pain, gives no indulgence in return.

Exact and exquisite, these miniatures are dehumanised by the precision of their surface. The exhaustion which comes on after a hundred pages of Proust is a form of "gallery feet." We are worn by the innumerable acts of seeing we are obliged to follow, by the intrigue of searching. The sense of intrigue in the style, as if Time itself, and not Swann or his narrator alone, were jealous of the reality it has imprisoned, corresponds with Proust's whole conspiracy against a moral view of human life. We begin to doubt if impression, even though it will become formulated in an absolute world of art, can tell us anything of the deep and simple tragedy of human life. For impression is simply a beginning. Applied to human beings it will catch and stick to what is most obvious in human beings first of all: the vanity of the animals. It is true that very respectable moralists have held that vanity and self-interest are the whole of human nature; but in Proust, we often feel, that he has got "fixed" in this belief. The human comedy or tragedy may be set going by vanity, but human beings are soon carried into depths beyond where vanity is an irrelevance.

Again, the preoccupation with snobbery. This is a proper subject for comedy and even a fitting element of romance. We must assume—though it seems strange—that Proust is right when he makes his French aristocrats hiss perpetually like vipers over small points of precedence and huge matters of lineage; and it is certain other classes would imitate them. But how wearying when this is the sole preoccupation of people. Isn't this, as it were, a beginner's view of society? Did Mme Verdurin think of nothing else? Was Cottard only a social fool? Was Odette so exclusively naive—but no; from the evidence she had other fish to fry and they were not in Swann's way.

We come to the conclusion that a huge part of these lives is lived outside this huge passive novel; and what the reader is being obliged to do is to recognise that situations have changed outside it, and to commit the engaging but exhausting act of "seeing" them all over again instead of living with them. *A la recherche du temps perdu* is the novel of the evil eye. Its people, comically or tragically fixed by him, are the objects of Proust's desire and are not, primarily, the objects of the desire of one another. Ingredients in the sublime sensibility, egoism, intellectual range of Proust's cultivated imagination, they are coldly divested of everything but the tragic triviality of their manners. It is true that Swann grows old, that Mme Verdurin comes to the top in the war, that Saint Loup's little prostitute grows into a famous actress, that

* *The Quest For Proust*. By André Maurois. *Cape*. 18s.

Gilberte dulls, Bergotte dies, and Charlus enters his fabulous decay; these are not trivial matters and yet it is trivially that we know about them if we compare our knowledge of them with the knowledge we are given of their narrator. It is he who has really changed, not they. It has often seemed to me that the finale in *Time Regained*, when the narrator has arrived at the point where he is ready to write his book, is an unconscious recognition, perhaps, of the sterility which attends the novelist who believes he can present life visually alone, who leaves out the autonomous passions of people; a recognition, too, that his people had been only *remembered* up till now, and that now they must be created and break the scheme. So one has felt on coming to the end of a novel by Henry James; it is a superb statement of what must be in the mind before the novel is written.

To say this, I am very aware, is a half-truth; for what Proust achieved was something larger than any of his miniatures. He made the collection. He built the mansion to contain it. He was as much an architect of the mind as a novelist. He portrayed a society, changing in the course of time. He brought it to the test of war and exposed with terrible satire its egotism, its essential frivolity and indifference. His people are most living, in the sense of having continuity, when we see them in their crowds. Odette completes her life, in our eyes, when she is caught by Swann that night on the boulevards; Aunt Léonie, as she watches the people in whom she lives, from her sick room window. The servants—always living, perhaps, because their sinister and watchful stupidity suggests a more than private criticism of the world they serve—have, in a famous imaginative passage, a collective ominousness:

> he now noticed for the first time, roused by the unexpected arrival of a belated guest, the scattered pack of splendid effortless animals, the enormous footmen who were drowsing here and there upon benches and chests, until, pointing their noble greyhound profiles, they towered upon their feet and gathered in a circle round about him.
>
> One of them, of a particularly ferocious aspect, and not unlike the headsman in certain Renaissance pictures which represent executions, tortures, and the like, advanced upon him with an implacable air to take his "things." But the harshness of his steely glare was compensated by the softness of his cotton gloves, so effectively that, as he approached Swann, he seemed to be exhibiting an utter contempt for his person and the most tender regard for his hat.

Where the characters of Proust have strength it is the strength of *genera*.

But Proust's world into which M. Maurois so intelligently guides us is vast. Proust's variety as a comic writer and a parodist is, alone, a large subject. There are so many contradictions: at what point, for example, does the rhetoric of detachment become vulgarity? Where—as the French critic M. Feuillerat asked—does unconscious memory become willed memory? A hundred questions beset the addicted reader. And there are all the critics in their schools, waiting for him to take a header in.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A TUDOR HISTORY

Tudor England. By S. T. BINDOFF. *Pelican Books.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

The sixteenth century in Europe was a century of heroic change—economic, religious, intellectual. On the Continent this revolution was accompanied (and its achievements often ruined) by civil and dynastic wars, ideological cataclysms, national bankruptcies. In England there was no such accompaniment. Why was this? Not because the English enjoy some providential exemption (there were civil wars, in far less revolutionary circumstances, in the centuries both before and after); nor because the Tudor dynasty was any more securely based than the royal houses of Europe (its title was more dubious, and the succession always problematic); nor even because the English are less religious than their neighbours (unfortunately they are sometimes even more so). Whatever accidents may help to explain this extraordinary history, one personal quality cannot be overlooked: political skill. Without it, no dynasty could have weathered so triumphantly, through three generations, the century of the Reformation and the Price Revolution and the Expansion of Europe.

The problems of each generation were different. Henry VII, in the great age of clerical conservatism which preceded the Reformation, contrived, by a little *raison d'Etat* and a great deal of attention to detail, to restore good government after anarchy, to amass a huge treasure (even making a profit from the wars he contrived not to fight) and to leave his precarious dynasty unquestionably on the throne. Henry VIII, in the great age of opportunity, established conciliar government for a century and achieved an administrative revolution that was to outlast political revolution and survive for three centuries—a constructive work more significant than any religious changes. Elizabeth, succeeding to a bankrupt treasury, a disputed title, a religious crisis, and social discord, reigned for forty-five years, during which the Crown of Spain went bankrupt three times and the Crown of France twice, and died, after unparalleled political successes, almost solvent. If the greatness of princes often consists in their choice of ministers, there, too, the Tudors can make their claim. What other century of royal government can show such a succession of able ministers? Only Bloody Mary breaks the sequence, a sad bigot unredeemed by any political virtue; but she only lasted five years.

Mr. Bindoff, in this excellent little book, rightly emphasises the politics of these Kings and Queens; but he also goes far beyond politics. If he shows us how the Tudors handled their century of crisis, we see also what kind of crisis it was. An excellent introductory chapter presents a picture of the England they inherited—a country politically and administratively disconcerted and economically stagnant. Falling land values had enriched some of the peasantry but reduced the gentry to turbulent poverty. The great medieval wool trade had dwindled, but the new cloth trade, dangerously linked to the single port of Antwerp, was already beginning that vast increase which, with the aid of American silver, was to cause or hasten the great economic revolution of the century. At the death of Elizabeth, what a change we find! Vast land-changes have elevated the gentry, reduced and sometimes dispossessed the peasantry, and forwarded an industrial revolution; industry has moved into the country from the old guild towns, decaying in their rigidity; and its products are discharged, not now through the coastal ports, or to Antwerp, sacked and impoverished, but to wider markets and through the great port which has replaced Antwerp as the trading city of the west—the City of London, with its portentous new companies and a population that has multiplied threefold in the century. Such are the changes which made the sixteenth century combustible in England, although Tudor skill always preserved it from combustion. If the Stuarts had been as skilful, they could have preserved it, too.

The age of the Tudors has attracted some of the ablest of modern English historians, and after the works of Pollard and Unwin, Baskerville, Tawney and Neale, we have almost reached an accepted interpretation of it. Mr. Bindoff accepts and presents this view clearly, fairly, and with a wonderful skill in synthesis. He does not add to it, he expresses it, and a popular expression of the best modern scholarship is always valuable. He is at his best on the middle years of the century—the years which once seemed an insignificant interlude but which now appear to concentrate and epitomise the crisis of the century: the years of the greatest cloth boom, the fastest royal spending, the most vertiginous politics, the most dangerous discontent. His omission (if one may complain of omission in so skilful a compression) is in the world of intellectual and artistic achievement. The humanists and scholars whom Henry VIII and Elizabeth patronised, the zeal for art and architecture which sheds a lustre even on those rapacious gangsters of the reign of Edward VI, the Italian tastes of those Italianate politicians—Thomas Cromwell, John Dudley, Walter Raleigh and their friends—all these are unnoticed, and consequently some of Mr. Bindoff's characters seem too plain and dull for so splendid an age. But perhaps Mr. Bindoff is not interested in these things—a pedant in such matters (or even a student of Milton or of rhyme) might point out that it was not Roger Ascham but Sir John Cheke who "taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek." Nor (it must be admitted) is Mr. Bindoff interested in style. A firm and clear expositor, he is seldom happy when he ventures a metaphor. The image of "the restrictive principle, like some giant squid, fastening its embracing tentacles round many branches of domestic trade," suggests strange properties in an abstract economic concept; and the thought of "the Hapsburg dynasty sprawled mammoth-like across the European scene" is with difficulty entertained by those who have seen neither mammoths nor dynasties thus theatrically sprawling. But Mr. Bindoff is clearly interested in history, and that he does illuminate, in the best and by far the cheapest summary of Tudor England that anyone can hope to find.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A DON'S DRYDEN

John Dryden. By DAVID NICHOL SMITH. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Nichol Smith belongs to what may be called "the high and dry" school of exposition. He stands at a polite distance from his text. He chats about literature in a manner that suggests an Augustan horror of vulgar enjoyment. Dryden is admittedly not an easy poet to discuss in detail and it is difficult to withhold admiration from the architecture of Professor Nichol Smith's four lectures. Faced with the baffling variety of early poems, prose, heroic plays, *All for Love*, Satires, Religious Poems, Odes, Fables and Translations, he passes from one to the other imperceptibly, yet without losing a sense of the single vision behind them all. Such variety of achievement is paralleled by the variety of critical response. Professor Nichol Smith quotes from the respectful Scott: "Glorious John"; and the petulant Bridges: "a poet with whose works I am by choice unfamiliar." Both judgments are understandably absolute. Dryden is a poet, with whom, although not in the same degree as with Milton, we can establish a personal relationship. "He appears," Professor Nichol Smith says, "to have skimmed along the surface of life. . . . He is not a poet who labours with deep and perplexing thoughts that must work their way into words. . . . *He* could not have called himself a dedicated spirit, except in so far as he was dedicated to the literary profession and to good writing."

Dryden, in fact, belongs to a new *genus*—Cowley is the prototype—the professional man of letters. He has a satisfactory social position, a man-of-the-world attitude, is quite the *savant*, patronising rather than scornful about the past—except

where genius, Shakespeare, Jonson or Chaucer is concerned. This implies a new and subtly intimate relationship with a new audience. The absolute centre of address is no longer the monarch and his immediate circle. The days of the Court Poet, the universal provider of Plays, Masques, Advices to Princes and other fundamentally domestic delights, are now over. Dryden's activity on behalf of Charles II is polemical; it is turned away from the court towards the crowd, thronging after Titus Oates:

> Almighty crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
> Power is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute!
> Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
> Thou leapst o'er all Eternal truths in thy *Pindarique* way. . . .

And addressing his fellows, Royal Society Men, *virtuosi*, poets, even speculative, riotous noblemen, Dryden develops a prose as precise and spare as the age of Newton and Locke demands. Like most good talkers he keeps to mundane subjects, knows how to talk about himself disarmingly, in his prose casually, in his poetry with a calculated, stiff magnificence. The topics of his talk are not the Eternal Truths, or the truths of involuntary self-revelation, and this is hardly the way of appeal to those who read a poem as a kind of spiritual journal.

Professor Nichol Smith shows how careful Dryden was to vary the caesura of his couplet; speaks a firm word for his blank verse, and points out the audacity and insight of the character-drawing in *Absalom and Achitophel*. He also confesses engagingly that he finds himself reading the heroic plays as poems, without bothering about the names of the speakers. Yet I return to the point I made at first: Dryden's poetry deserves, it seems to me, far closer scrutiny than Professor Nichol Smith has given it. One accepts the variety of his work; but that is not the essential question. Apart from his splendid metrical assurance, he has an extraordinary awareness of the majesty of the word so that, although he is not personally profound, he becomes the *écho sonore* of the habits of feeling, and even of the spirit, of his age. His value is as a transmitter of light and atmosphere rather than as a creator of light himself. For this reason I feel that the emphasis in these lectures is misplaced, and the attitude behind them, of tepid approval, is not one that carries conviction. For Dryden half-measures are inadequate. IAIN FLETCHER

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Eighty Thousand Adolescents. Edited by BRIAN H. REED. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

This is an important book, but not an easy one to read or review because the material is arranged in a way that makes it rather difficult to see the wood from the trees. It is a survey of the Youth of Birmingham, carried out by the staff and students of Westhill Training College, at the suggestion of the Edward Cadbury Charitable Trust. The subject is approached throughout from the standpoint of the Youth Service (the various organisations concerned with the social welfare of adolescents). This presupposes a certain amount of expertise on the part of the reader, including familiarity with a number of bodies such as the N.A.T.C.G. (National Association of Training Corps for Girls) and the W.J.A.C. (Women's Junior Air Corps), everything, in fact, from Y.M.C.A. to Y.C.L.

Conclusions are not as sensational as might have been expected from newspaper headlines about spivs and juvenile crime. Youth appears to be suffering from a post-war hangover. The "sense of purpose" during the war years, "when boys (and girls) flocked in their thousands into the pre-Service organisations," has disappeared. The moral substitute for war, which, as William James said, it is the problem of modern society to discover, is conspicuously absent. We have another lost generation on our hands (how many does that make? Five?) a singularly empty-headed, but not unduly vicious one.

By far the most interesting—and entertaining—chapter is the one which analyses answers to questionaires about themselves and their lives, framed with special reference to leisure, given by a representative sample of 1,000 boys and girls doing industrial and clerical jobs. The display of illiteracy ("knight school," "listened to whiles," "road my bike," "messed arowend," "odd gobbs") which this revealed has already received a good deal of publicity; it even displaced a sweater-girl from the front page of the *Sunday Pictorial*. Much other interesting information is disclosed. About pocket money, for instance:

> By all the standards of an earlier generation, they certainly have a great deal of money to spend . . . There are some wide variations, ranging among fourteen-year-old boys from a shilling to fifteen shillings, and among seventeen-year-old girls from four shillings to ninety shillings. One fifteen-year-old labourer has £2 a week of which he spends 15s. on cigarettes, 5s. on dancing, 2s. 6d. on the cinema . . . A seventeen-year-old factory girl has 35s. for herself and spends 5s. on drinks and 7s. on gambling.

One has to be very careful, of course, not to generalise from interesting individual cases. Among the under 18's gambling and drinking, to any appreciable extent, are rare.

Newspaper reading: "A very large place appears to be taken by Sunday newspapers"; the *News Of The World* and the *Sunday Pictorial* top the poll with the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* bottom. Among dailies, the *Daily Mirror* predominates, followed by Women's papers, Boys' papers and comics. THE NEW STATESMAN, *The Children's Newspaper* and *Punch* receive one mention each. The only "serious" paper that enjoys any popularity is *Picture Post*. Several 18- and 19-year-old girls read nothing at all except *Beano* and *Dandy*. In both sexes there are eccentric omnivorous readers: "One 16-year-old girl reads twelve weekly publications. One 18-year-old boy chocolate worker names 15 periodicals which he says he reads regularly".

Radio Listening: *Family Favourites* and *Have A Go* are bracketed top with *Up The Pole* next. Two boys and one girl mention the news; Third Programme mentioned once.

Most alarming of all are the answers to *What Is The Title Of The Last Book You Read?* From these it appears that about "a quarter of the boys and one-fifth of the girls have not read a book during the last six months and many of them write down 'Don't read.' 'Can't remember,' 'Haven't read a book for ages,' 'Not interested in books'" . . . An outstanding fact is the influence of the cinema on reading. *Forever Amber* is mentioned by sixteen, and *No Orchids For Miss Blandish* appears on a number of lists, but better books-of-films, such as *Great Expectations*, *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield* and *Jane Eyre* also receive a number of mentions. Filmed books apart, there are some gratifying exceptions, like the 19-year-old factory girl who reads *War and Peace*. Incidentally, the average cinema attendance—three times a fortnight—is not, perhaps, so high as one might have expected. One of the more encouraging features, the survey points out, is, of course, the comparative stability of employment. Here, as in many other respects, comparisons with pre-war conditions would have been instructive.

A particularly baffling factor to assess is Church Attendance. "Young people either attend Church very regularly or not at all." In general, the compilers of the survey seem to have the impression that Youth is perhaps more favourably disposed towards leadership than might have been imagined. An interesting example in this connection is the recent success of the new boys' paper, *The Eagle*, edited by a clergyman, and given a strong moral tone, together with ingenious use of modern American coloured strip technique. In the space of a few weeks, the Eagle "Mugs" Club—which champions the mug, who sticks to his convictions and wins through, as opposed to the wide boy or spiv—has become one of the largest Boys' organisations in the country.

Much of the rest of the book, with its scrupulous consideration of the various organisations and their comparative advantages: Boys Brigade v. Scouts; Single Sex Youth Clubs v. Mixed, and so on, will be too technical for many people, though teachers, and presumably parents, should find it valuable. The religious interest of the compilers is never allowed to intrude: their attitude is one of common sense and tolerance so much so that even the Y.C.L. gets a pat on the back: "We have been impressed by their genuine passion for social justice." MAURICE RICHARDSON

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF HISTORY

From Napoleon to Stalin: Comments on History and Politics. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

"Alas!" says Mr. Taylor, "this is not a reference to the present writer"—the reference being by Miss Wiskemann to "witty Oxford dons," of whom she is somewhat suspicious. Mr. Taylor has really no cause to worry. No one who reads his writings would hesitate to include him in the class of historians who look on the brighter side of history and are witty Oxford dons. He never fails in his effort both to amuse and instruct his reader. "Marx," he says, "prophesying revolution for the rest of his life, was in fact foretelling the revolution of 1848 which he had experienced as a young man (prophets always foretell what has already happened). . . ." "The Tory party has been called the stupid party (and not unfairly, to be stupid and to be sensible are not far apart. The Progressive party, Radical and Socialist, is clever, but silly)." "Tito is the only Communist ruler who has made himself. Certainly he is 'Moscow-trained,' chateau-bottled, as it were." And so it goes on, the dullness of facts, the stupidity of the human race, the tragedy of European history brightened up by the epigram, the bon mot, the scintillating quip. Mr. Taylor is of the finest Oxford vintage and genuinely chateau-bottled.

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has more coherence and unity than is usual with such collections. The coherence is due ultimately to the fact that Mr. Taylor views events and men from the angle of the historian, and therefore his judgments, even when he writes as a journalist or reviewer, are not mere improvisations. In Part I we pass from Napoleon to the revolution of 1848, through Francis Joseph and Bismarck to the making of modern Germany and Fashoda and the Entente and the "secret" of the third French republic. The thread which holds all this together is, as Mr. Taylor himself says, his view of the "search for stability" in an unstable Europe which emerged from the French revolution. The revolution destroyed the established order of classes and states, and European history ever since, whether in Napoleon, Bismarck, or Hitler, in 1848 or 1917 or the cold war of 1950, has consisted in a vain search for some economic or international principle of stability.

Mr. Taylor always argues his case skilfully. He is what the reviewer and the publisher like to call a "provocative" writer. He has the rare merit in a historian of not allowing his reader to fall asleep; indeed, he makes him think, if he is capable of thought. His essays are, I think, better when they deal with persons than with events. Certainly I should pick out those on Napoleon, Francis Joseph, Lord John Russell, and Lord Salisbury as the best in the book. This points to Mr. Taylor's one weakness, for it is easier to write brightly and also seriously about a historical character than about history itself. He too often forgets his own squib that it is the clever people who are silly and the stupid sensible. Like most epigrams, it is not true, but contains a half-truth. You can be too clever by half and fall over backwards into silliness. Mr. Taylor is too clever by a quarter which just saves him usually from silliness, but makes him content with the half-truth or the superficial which slips neatly into a smart or provocative sentence. His sweeping statements can often be defended only by assuming that history is determined by "inescapable fate" or by inevitability. When historians talk of inescapable fate, it means that they have thrown up the historical sponge in despair at seeing the truth in the vast complexity of historical events. The truth can never be wholly black or completely white as Mr. Taylor so often represents it in his clever and uncompromising sentences, *e.g.*, in his article on Trieste or in his interpretation of the 1848 revolution. The truth is either a kaleidoscope of different colours or a dirty grey; that is why it can so rarely be stated epigrammatically.

LEONARD WOOLF

DETECTION

The Fearful Passage. By H. C. BRANSON. *Bodley Head*. 9s.
No Duty on a Corpse. By MAX MURRAY. *Michael Joseph*. 8s. 6d.
Below Suspicion. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton*. 8s. 6d.
The Summer School Mystery. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Methuen*. 8s. 6d.
Death Among Friends. By LANGE LEWIS. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.
The Purple Onion Mystery. By HARRIETTE ASHBROOK. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 8s. 6d.
Two by Day and One by Night. By VICARS BELL. *Faber*. 9s. 6d.

So many writers insist on exploring the hinterland of detection with unsuitable equipment that one is forced to respect a sensible man like Mr. Branson, ploughing ahead unadventurously down the old beaten track, but with the apparatus for the journey in good working order. His machine, having already covered three John Bent cases, is well run-in by now, and ticks over as smoothly in *The Fearful Passage* as any Wills Crofts. Indeed, John Bent is fast becoming an American Inspector French—a colourless, automatic detector, in spite of his beard. The plot is of the simplest order. Packs of lies screen a scapegrace stepson, accused of murdering his stepfather. The lies must be cancelled out before the truth can emerge by process of subtraction. Mr. Branson plays too fair a game with the reader to keep an ace up his sleeve to take the last trick, so the solution is easy.

No Duty on a Corpse is far more exciting and slapdash. A lady crossing the Atlantic to publish some scandalous memoirs in America is murdered in her cabin. A nonchalant young man (Peter by name and Wimseyish by habit) takes time off from his love affairs to pump information from the suspects; while the author boldly lets us listen to snatches of the murderer's conversation. That sort of striptease is a chancy game to play; and no reader worth his salt will let Mr. Murray get away with it. But the rattling dialogue, the flirtatious undertones, and the insouciance of preposterous Peter ensure that no one aboard the liner has a dull trip.

Mr. Dickson Carr is always liable to go sniffing after black magic, with the unwelcome zest of a dog hurrying to dig up a deplorable old bone. He is up to his tricks again in *Below Suspicion* without improving them. Whenever witches fly in at the window, respectable detection steps out by the door—leaving, on this occasion, a nicely twisted plot to be unravelled into melodramatic absurdity. Anyone who can stomach another dose of the black mass will probably relish the flamboyant hero, an Irish barrister with an artificial brogue and a masterful way with women, who dominates the fantastic scene. But, if he valued his reputation, Mr. Carr would have reckoned a semi-thriller like *Below Suspicion* to be beneath his dignity.

"The critic of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION hates children, and will be more than usually harsh about it if I let you take any further action in this case," remarks Dr. David Wintringham, stooping to kiss his daughter in *The Summer School Mystery*. Such unprecedented consideration for my feelings makes it rather awkward to appraise Miss Bell's latest work with proper detachment. The plot opens with a magnificent dull thud, when the tympanist in the Summer School orchestra, during a rehearsal of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, bangs the big drum; and it responds with a low grunt. The conductor is distraught, the double-bass faints, and the lady who owns the drum is missing. You must read the book to learn what happens. The lack of correspondence between Miss Bell's convincing characters and their arbitrary actions is always disconcerting; but on this occasion she can offer the excuse that musicians live in a world of their own and schoolmistresses thrive on neurosis. *The Summer School Mystery* might have benefited from a little childish help; but I doubt it, Miss Wintringham!

Another co-ed campus murder: this time in California. In *Death Among Friends* an attractive alumna returns to her University, incognita, as a naked corpse for dissection by the medical students. How she reached the slab at the morgue is readily explained; but why should such an inoffensive girl have been killed? I can only report that Miss Lewis's answer to the problem is adequate, although unorthodox; at the same time warning readers that the solution calls for a bold hunch rather than subtle deduction.

Another hunch will come in useful for *The Purple Onion Mystery*, featuring amateur sleuth Spike Tracy and a small incongruous purple onion found in the dead blackmailer's apartment. All Miss Ashbrook's characters come at one with that staccato American idiom, which pummels an English reader into a punch-drunk trance. The little onion is the one stable object in a rocking environment of hard-boiled sentimentality; so keep your eye on it and you can't go wrong.

By contrast, in *Two by Day and One by Night* there is nothing worth keeping an eye on besides the admirable prose style. Mr. Vicars Bell gives the impression of a gentle essayist, tortured by the sordid necessity of writing a detective story. "If it were nothing more, this book is a genuine and unaffected narrative of life in a real village," says the blurb with unusual candour. That is just what it is—and a pleasure to read—nothing more.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SOCRATES TO BERGSON

The Great Philosophers: THE WESTERN WORLD. By E. W. F. TOMLIN. *Sheffington.* 15s.

This book, within the space of less than 300 pages, sketches the lives and views of sixteen major Western philosophers. Over and above this, it attempts in a number of "interludes" to fill the gaps and achieve historic continuity. Now whereas, for instance, a history or discussion of chemistry is not itself a chemical theory, a history and discussion of philosophy inescapably also *is* a philosophy, philosophy being the one subject which perversely includes the definition and elucidation of its own nature in its subject matter. In fact, it can get so obsessed with just *this* issue as to appear to be a paradoxical inquiry into only one problem—into whether that inquiry itself can be pursued. Mr. Tomlin thinks it can, should and must; hence we must consider what he implicitly and explicitly says about philosophy as such in addition to his presentation of lives and theories.

The biographies are lively, but are written with a curious concern suggestive of a schoolmaster going over the post-scholastic careers of Old Boys. In the very small space left for each of them, the presentations of the theories cannot claim to be more than a kind of trailer of longer expositions, and as such they often succeed. Trailers don't even aspire to film awards, but on the other hand, they can, notoriously, be more stimulating than the feature they advertise; they are judged by whether they whet the appetite and evoke a good if impressionistic sketch in anticipation. Mr. Tomlin's trailers of *Weltanschauungen* often do both.

It is on the third count—his own philosophising—that Mr. Tomlin does least well. He must be judged from this viewpoint, for he makes it clear that his intentions are philosophic, not antiquarian. Sometimes he writes as if he thought of philosophy as a collection of Edifying Thoughts; at his more explicit, he equates it with something like "the general intellectual tradition." Philosophy, in this sense, is for him both something without which no civilised activity could continue, *and* something only contained in a certain number of abstruse books. This identification is debatable, and there is not much to suggest that Mr. Tomlin has worked it out. He does not seem Relativist or Pragmatist enough to account for how this tradition can perform with continuous efficiency its onerous task despite the fact that it contains such incompatible, or even furiously hostile, elements. If, on the other hand, Mr. Tomlin *does* see the philosophic tradition as an all-embracing stream, he should show a more tolerant understanding of the critical-destructive elements in our contemporary dialectical collision of currents.

ERNEST GELLNER

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

The Holiday Story. By COMMANDER R. G. STUDD. *Percival Marshall.* 9s. 6d.

The mass migration of the "personally conducted" to the Continent was one of those social revolutions which conventional historians tend to overlook, and for this reason Commander Studd is to be congratulated on a book which is one of the very few sources on which an historian of this development could turn for information. Though the book is described as an autobiography, Commander Studd tells us very little about himself and his other interests. The chapter on the war in which he served with distinction as a naval officer is interesting but too brief, but it is clear that the Polytechnic has been his consuming passion.

In 1888, when the Polytechnic was founded, they quoted an inclusive price of £5 19s. 0d. (hotels, all meals, boat and rail fares) for a twenty-seven-day trip through Belgium to Zermatt and back again. Even in those days this price was low and envious rivals complained bitterly that the Polytechnic enjoyed the unpaid service, as conductors, of teachers at the Polytechnic Institute, who were encouraged to spend their holidays with Polytechnic tours. Commander Studd makes some amusing references to the social stigma involved in travelling with a conducted tour. My father, the late Sir Henry Lunn, solved the problem of enabling his upper-class clients to travel Lunn without being labelled Lunn, by founding the Public School Alpine Sports Club, thanks to which he had a virtual monopoly for many years of the Winter Sport business.

A major motif of this book is the duel with George Lunn, brother and rival of Sir Henry, and hero of the only first-class novel about the travel business, *Dagger's Tours*, by Richard Turpin. The paragraph in which Commander Studd records "George Lunn's bankruptcy" is a veritable *cri de cœur*, but "The Liquidation of George Lunn Ltd." would be a more correct description of the climax to a gallant career. George Lunn got his traffic by undercutting and running at a loss, and Marxist denunciations of the profit motive are half-hearted compared to my father's denunciation of his brother's "loss motive."

A comprehensive history of travel agencies would inevitably reflect the social and religious transformations of England. Thus the Public School Alpine Sports Club began to decline when people became self-conscious about the old school tie. The Free Church Touring Guild which my father founded was a good property at the turn of the century, but when gradually the rising generation of Nonconformists began to transfer their loyalties to the Labour Party, the growing secularisation of England was reflected in the increasing reluctance of young men to travel under a religious label. The young men were the first to desert us for the Polytechnic and George Lunn's, and the young women lost no time in following their deplorable example. All of which I pointed out to my father, but in vain. In one of the recurring crises of our firm, when he was trying to raise money on debenture stock, I pleaded with him to drop the Free Church Touring Guild, but "upon this Church will I build my stock" remained his principle to the end, to the enduring advantage of our rivals, the Polytechnic. Incidentally the Church Travellers Club which he had founded was never a success. A group fighting for recognition or a group based on social exclusiveness will possess *esprit de corps*, but the strength of the *esprit* varies inversely with the size of the *corps*. Nobody wears an old pithecanthropus tie to advertise their pride of membership of the human race.

There are some charming photographs of early Edwardian trippers in *The Holiday Story*, and one could have done with far more such period pieces. This record of a great and characteristically British enterprise will obviously be read with lively interest by all those who have been professionally connected with travel, but it deserves and will, I hope, reach a far wider public, for it is readable from cover to cover.

ARNOLD LUNN

Cinderella: Goldilocks and the Three Bears. Peepshow Books. *Chatto & Windus.* 7s. 6d. and 5s.

Where's my Baby: Feed the Animals. By H. A. REY. Folding Books. *Chatto & Windus.* 3s. each.

Open *Cinderella* right up, so that the back cover lies against the front. From the top, you see a six-pointed star; from the side, six separate triangular scenes, each in four layers of cut-out cardboard, in a pretty rococo decor designed by Roland Pym. There is a charming illusion of a tiny stage; finish the play, shut the book, and it's gone like the pumpkin coach. *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, designed by Patricia Turner, is a four-scene peepshow, more homely in style: the cut-out *loaf* stands up on the kitchen table. The Folding Books are less elaborate. You look at a boy on a horse, in *Where's My Baby*; then you unfold the flap on the right-hand of the picture, and up pops a foal to nuzzle its parent. Similarly, a hen, a cow, a kangaroo, a duck, an elephant, are first seen alone, then equipped with their little ones. The keeper approaches, in *Feed the Animals*, trundling a barrow; a flick of the finger,

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THE annual general meeting of the Daily News, Ltd., (proprietors of the *News Chronicle* and *The Star*), was held on May 25 at 12-22 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., Mr. L. J. Cadbury, chairman of the company, presiding. The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

Supply of newsprint still remains our major preoccupation and the hope of returning to anything approaching pre-war size has steadily receded. The dollar position led to a situation in which the Government told us that we must forgo any imports from Canada in the second half of this year. I am glad to say that wiser counsels have prevailed; The Newsprint Supply Co., Ltd., is to be allowed to import 25,000 tons in the second half of the year if the Canadian mills can supply it.

During the General Election the *News Chronicle* used its extra newsprint to provide a forum for all political parties and gave its readers an opportunity of hearing the views of a number of Cabinet Ministers and the chief front bench figures of the Opposition. It maintained its independence while giving general support to Liberal ideals. This attitude of impartiality was greatly appreciated and the *News Chronicle* has proved that there is a large popular readership anxious for intelligent discussion of major topics.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,059

Set by Geoffrey Dennis

Imagine that you are faced with this question in a university examination paper:—"Distinguish carefully between the characters of either Hengist and Horsa, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, Castor and Pollux, Erckman and Chatrian, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, or Gog and Magog." The usual prizes are offered for the best answers, in approved examinee style, to any *one* of them. Limit 200 words. Entries by June 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,056

Set by J. B. Roderic

The galleon of the Armada wrecked in Tobermory Bay has at last been located. Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit the first lines (not more than 10) of a poem celebrating the occasion, in the ballad style of Macaulay, Cowper, Browning, Newbolt, or *Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest.*

Report by J. B. Roderic

Macaulay was the favourite, though Newbolt ran him close: echoes of *Drake's Drum* predominated, of course, though the breathless hush was transferred from the Close to the Bay, and J. P. Stevenson nicely caught the sad, reflective Newbolt with his—

> When God arose and His enemies were scattered,
> And tempest wrecked their envy, fire their hate,
> That our shores, while the alien might was rent and battered,
> Should stand inviolate.

I had foreseen various of the themes that would be caught up and embroidered: the Spanish angle, which I got from Guy Innes ("Mid the groaning of the timbers do I hear El Draco's drum"); the Campbell angle, provided by L. E. J. (*pro*)

> . . . . They carried a sea-green piece of eight
> To the young MacCailein Mor

and M. Stanier (*contra*)

> Now the Campbell in his lust probes the wreckage and the rust
> And sucks a ghostly tribute from his unresisting foes—

and even the Anglo-patriotic angle, from Derek Jewell:

> Give a rouse to the sailors who brave day by day
> For England and Learning, this bleak Scottish bay.

What I had not foreseen was the extent of our conditioning to our economic predicament, so that every third competitor would be bridging the Gap on Tobermory gold. R. S. Jaffray (in his alternative entry) was jubilant:

> And the heretics' sons that she came to convince
> Look to balance their need with Sidonia's gold—

but Pithecus (who overstepped the ten-line limit and took a *Dramatic Lyric* as a model) could only be cynical:

> What will make Stafford Cripps bring a bill in,
> Naming the finders of treasure rapscallions,
> And soon devise a new tax-form to fill in
> Retrospectively aimed at all galleons?

First prize of two guineas to A. J. Sutton for admirably catching the tone of the original and wittily twisting it to chime with our present obsessions; one guinea each to R. S. Jaffray, Isabel Finlayson, R. S. Stanier, Lakon; honourable mention, L.G., H. A. C. Evans.

> Cripps is in the Commons, five hundred miles away'
> Sir Stafford, art thou sleeping there below?
> There's gold in that there water in Tobermory Bay,
> Stop dreaming all the time of what we owe.
> Take yourself to Mull, man, stand by on the shore,
> What matter if reserves are running low?
> There's bullion in the galleon, a million pounds or more,
> So claim the lion's share man, as you claimed it long ago. A. J. SUTTON

> Spaniards' ghosts round the dead men's hulk—
> Chink! chink! chink! and a cargo of gold!
> Fishes and sea-silt had swallowed the bulk
> Of Sidonia's fleet as in history told
> Now for the dollars we owe to the Yanks,
> Cash, cash, cash and a dwindling gap!
> Cripps and the devil had done for the banks
> But here's Treasure Island again on the map!
> R. S. JAFFRAY

> O Argyll! O Admiralty! this must prove you deaf and blind!
> Was it mintage or medallion made the sunken hulk a find
> Of the Tobermory treasure, myth to meet adventure's mind?
> In you come with suction dredger, and here's all the good it brings.
> What! they lived thus on the high seas, when the captains were the kings?
> When the beards singed; when the little ships gave chase on woven wings?
> Silt upon the lips of frogmen—till I want the heart to scold.
> Brave sea-gamblers! for such stakes too! here's the coin of Spanish gold
> Philip spun to win a New World—where's the fire that made him bold?
> Where the old emprise of England? I feel chilly and grown old. ISABEL FINLAYSON

> The Channel was a-glitter with the galleons of Spain,
> (Gold the prow and gold the poop and gold the garboard-strake)
> But England met the Spaniard with a storm of leaden rain,
> And England's jolly sailormen have whipped the Don again,
> Hawkins and Frobisher and Effingham and Drake.
>
> Quiet slept the galleon in Tobermory Bay,
> (Gold the poop and gold the prow and gold the garboard-strake)
> But England's jolly seadogs have nosed it out, for they,
> When they're on the hunt for treasure, have as keen a scent to-day
> As Hawkins and Frobisher and Effingham and Drake.
> R. S. STANIER

> When the English volleys thundered and your Spanish Admirals blundered,
> Captain, did you curse or did you pray?
> When the storm had sent you flying and the might of Spain was dying,

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Did you count upon a Resurrection Day?
Did you think you'd sleep for ever here in Tobermory Bay?

Wake up, Captain! They have found you! Drake has sent his men to hound you
Lying snug there with your silver and your gold.
Here's a Duke would have the pleasure and a Chancellor the measure
Of the treasure that you carry in your hold;
And its dollars ho! for doubloons when the New World meets the Old. LAKON

Attend, all ye who list to hear a tale of English worth,
While I unfold my story, how the Navy did set forth
To find the Spanish galleon that for years four hundred lay
A wreck upon the ocean bed in Tobermory Bay.
'Twas from the Admiralty that the signal first was given,
And straight, with speed incredible, it flashed 'twixt earth and heaven;
From London on to Chatham and thence to Plymouth Hoe,
From Harwich to the Humber, Rosyth to Scapa Flow,
From Falmouth up to Milford, it sped for mile on mile,
From Solway Firth to Oban, in the Dukedom of Argyll. H. A. C. EVANS

Now laud and praise be unto Him that merits laud and praise!
The gold a Spanish Duke could sink, a Scottish Duke shall raise.
King Philip doled the Treasure out, for his Commanders taught
That English traitors could be bribed, and mercenaries bought,
And through the Great Armada's crews it ran from lip to lip:
"The gold of Mexico is in Medina's Treasure-Ship!"
The Lord and England won the day, and scattered with the rest,
North-Eastward ran the Treasure-Ship, and North again, and West,
Until, for twice two hundred years, a rotting wreck she lay,
With all the gold of Mexico, in Tobermory Bay. . . .
L. G.

CHESS: Nothing New Under the Sun

No. 39

I think it was the Rabbi Ben Akiba who added to the legendary fame of his wisdom by the remark that no idea is ever quite new. But in the 1800-odd years elapsed since the Rabbi's death—some of them odd indeed—mankind may well have produced a number of ideas which, for good or evil, can claim some originality. Chessplayers are certainly fond of imagining their favourite brainwaves to be thoroughly virginal. No doubt, a chessplayer by the name of Mentges was quite proud of himself (and rightly so) when, in 1933, he achieved this pretty victory over a man called Gitzen.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(10) P-KR4	P-KKt3
(2)	P-QB4	P-K3	(11) P-R5	R-K1
(3)	Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(12) RPxP	RPxP
(4)	B-Kt5	B-K2	(13) Q-B2	B-KKt2
(5)	P-K3	O-O	(14) BxKtP	PxB
(6)	Kt-B3	P-QKt3	(15) QxKtP	Kt-Q2
(7)	B-Q3	B-Kt2	(16) Kt-KK15!	Q-B3
(8)	PxQP	KPxP	(17) R-R8ch!	KxR
(9)	BxKt	BxB	(18) Q-R7 mate	

Quite pretty, but it happens to be a precise imitation of a well-known game won by Marshall against Burn in the Paris tournament of 1900. Yet, both players were as unaware of plagiarism as the two who produced this amusing little game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(8) B-KKt3	P-R4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) KtxKKtP	P-R5!
(3)	B-B4	Kt-B3	(10) KtxKBP	PxB!
(4)	P-Q3	B-B4	(11) KtxQ	B-KK15
(5)	O-O	P-Q3	(12) Q-Q2	Kt-Q5
(6)	B-KKt5	P-KR3	(13) Kt-B3	Kt-B6ch!
(7)	B-R4?	P-KKt4!	(14) PxKt	QBxP

and White is inevitably mated.

This happened in Munich, in 1935, and both players were surprised to learn from Kurt Richter that precisely the same game had been won by Steinitz in London some fifty years earlier. It may well be asked what would have happened if White, on move 11, had taken the R instead of the Q. Here, too, Richter's amazing knowledge provides the answer. No analysis necessary. This game, too, has been actually played (Martinsen-Jensen, Oslo 1935), and the ending is even prettier.

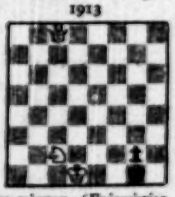
(11)	KtxR	B-KK15	(15) Q-Kt5	Kt-K7 ch
(12)	Q-Q2	Kt-Q5	(16) K-R1	QxKt!
(13)	RPxP	K-Q2	(17) Q-R4	R-KR1!
(14)	Kt-Kt6	Q-K1	(18) QxR	Kt-R2!

and mate is inescapable.

This week's competition might also serve to illustrate the theme of innocent plagiarism, apart from complying with the requests of those readers who like to bite into a solid three-mover from time to time.

A: K. A. L. Kubbel
1933

B: O. Würsburg
1913



Problem: A was a prize-winner (*Enigmistica Popolare*) in 1933, but years later it was discovered that B had been published in Hungary 20 years earlier. Key-move and idea being identical, I will award 3 points for a correct solution of A and only 2 for B.

C. V. Marin

Quite unique (so far as I know) is C. It was a first prize-winner at Norwich nearly 50 years ago. Being rather tricky it might have to rate more than 5 points if I weren't prepared to give this useful hint. The main idea is ruthless consistency in clearing the path for a mate not immediately possible. In all three problems White is to mate in three. Usual prizes. Entries by June 12.

RESULT OF COMPETITION

Set May 13

A: Sarson's claim unrefuted. No points.
B: (1) B-B7, B-R7. (2) B-Kt8, BxB (Otherwise 3) BxB or B-Q6 respectively. (3) P-B7 etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt8, K-Kt3 (Forced, since Kt-Kt7 and B-B1 was threatened). (2) P-Rxth, RxP. (3) P-B5ch, RxP. (4) P-Kt4, R (B file) moves. (5) B-B5 ch, RxB. (6) Kt-Kt7, etc.

Sarson's claim for a draw in the Schwinger-Urban position seems to be triumphantly upheld. Congratulations for him, and thanks to scores of competitors who have spent much time and ingenuity in their attempts to refute the challenge.

In B, a "cook" has been discovered by many competitors who certainly get full points for it. Incidentally, the addition of a White P on QKt4 would eliminate it, as A. W. Bowen has rightly pointed out. He shares the prizes with K. Beaumont, E. W. Beal, H. F. Blandford and R. C. Chaturvedi. Many other correct solutions were received, but over half the competitors were stumped by C. In the points-competition, the leading group has been reduced to ten, each with 35 points. But many others are still well in the running. ASTRAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SOUTH Australian Government. Applications are invited for the position of Director of the National Gallery of South Australia. Salary range £1,097 to £1,167 p.a. (Aust.). Fares paid to Adelaide. Contributory superannuation benefits. Full details from Agent General for South Australia, South Australia House, Marble Arch, W.1.

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Institute of Social and Economic Research. Applications are invited for research appointments from persons with qualifications in economics, sociology or allied social sciences and with some experience in research. Investigations may need to be undertaken in any part of the British Caribbean. Appointments will be made at an appropriate point in the scale £400 × £25—£500 or £600 × £25—£800, according to qualifications and experience. One appointment will be on the scale £800 × £25—£1,000. There will be children's allowance of £30 p.a. for each child up to a maximum of £150. Superannuation under F.S.S.U. Appointments will normally be for three years in the first instance. Free passages are provided. Application (six copies), giving names of three referees and full particulars of qualifications and experience, should be sent to the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date June 30, 1950.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Director of Housing. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Director of Housing at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.X. of the National Scales, viz., £850—£50—£1,000 plus £30 London Weighting. Applicants must have extensive experience in management of housing properties and must possess organising and administrative ability. The appointment will be subject generally to the National Joint Council Conditions of Service, to the successful passing of a medical examination, and to the provisions of the Council's Superannuation Scheme. Applications, giving details of experience and qualifications, together with copies of three recent testimonials and endorsed "Director of Housing," must reach me not later than June 7, 1950. Canvassing in any form will disqualify. John E. Fishwick, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

B.B.C. invites applications for employment as Programme Assistants in Turkish Section, East European Service. Candidates' knowledge of Turkish must be as a mother tongue or of equivalent standard. They will be required to read Turkish fluently and agreeably and to translate into it. English texts on a great variety of subjects. They must be familiar with the language now used in the Press and on the Turkish radio, they should have an intimate knowledge of English, an interest in present-day economic and political affairs, and show ability in translating for broadcasting. At present there are no staff vacancies but suitably qualified applicants are required immediately for part-time employment and will be placed on a reserve list for consideration when vacancies arise. Salary is according to qualifications. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "East European, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant in the Radio Times Editorial Department. Main duties of the post will be to assist the Literary Editor. Candidates must have extensive journalistic experience in the magazine field, have a keen sense of news values and interest in drama, yet be competent to write lively paragraphs about Variety shows and people. They must be capable sub-editors. Experience as a radio journalist would be an additional advantage. Candidates should also state whether their practical experience is sufficient for them to undertake the make-up of a magazine page direct from copy and pictures. Salary is in a scale rising by annual increments of £40 to a maximum of £800 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "R.T. Asst., N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. env.

BOROUGH of Walthamstow. Museum and William Morris Gallery. Applications are invited for: 1, Deputy Borough Curator, to be responsible to the Borough Librarian and Curator for the Museum of local antiquities and the William Morris Gallery to be opened shortly. Applicants should be experienced in museum and art gallery administration and training in art history and appreciation will be an advantage. Salary A.P.T. IV (£510-£555). 2, Senior Assistant, William Morris Gallery. Training in art history and appreciation essential and experience in an Art Gallery an additional recommendation. Salary A.P.T. I (£420-£465). Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, with the names of two persons to whom reference can be made, should be received by the undersigned on or before June 28, 1950. G. A. Blakeley, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Walthamstow, E.17.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire North District. Organising Tutor required for North Yorkshire. Salary scale £400-£600 with superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates capable of taking classes in the Social Sciences, preferably economic or social history. Interest in rural problems an advantage. Further details from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SUDAN Government. The Ministry of Education requires Local Government Education Advisers aged 30 to 40 for service in the Sudan. The duties consist of the supervision of the transfer of responsibility for elementary education at present controlled by the Central Government to Local Government Authorities. Candidates must possess a University degree, or equivalent qualifications, and experience in the education office of a Local Authority. Appointment will be on Short Term Contract for five years on a salary scale £E.600 to £E.1,350, with post-service bonus. Cost of living allowance varying between £E.180 and £E.390 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application form may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Local Government Education."

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. The Ridge, The Park, Mansfield, Notts. Applications are invited from married couples for the joint appointment of House Father and House Mother in charge of a Children's Home (fifteen children) to be opened shortly. Experience in work in a Home is an advantage but not essential if applicants have a sympathetic understanding of children. Salaries £270 8s. p.a. (House Father) and £205 8s. p.a. (House Mother) with board residence. The posts are superannuable and with liberal holidays. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

WEST Sussex County Council. Children's Committee. A Housefather is needed at Littlegreen, the County Council's new Home for related children at Compton, 12 miles from Chichester. Should be a craftsman, experienced living with children of all ages, interested in building up a happy non-institutional atmosphere with many activities. Single accommodation. Salary £247 per annum less £60 deducted for board and lodging. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers for pioneer work with Problem Families. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

RESIDENTIAL Schools.—London County Council. Bradstow School, Broadstairs, Kent, to be opened in September, 1950, as a residential special school for 80 educationally sub-normal children, mainly girls, aged 5-16. There will be an admission class of boys and girls age 5-7. (The premises are at present used by a private school under a different name; visits not possible before August, 1950.) Applications are invited from qualified teachers for appointment to the Council's service and allocation to this school in the first instance. Four resident assistant mistresses will be required, one of whom should be trained for infants (modern methods); qualifications in art, handwork, needlework or music desirable. Burnham scale salary with two additional increments throughout the scale and carried beyond the maximum for work in a special school. Resident teachers are required to undertake supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and at week-ends, and receive emoluments of board, lodging and washing in consideration of these duties. Apply at once on form EO/TS/40, obtainable from (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) and returnable to the Education Officer (EO/TS), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. (624)

UNIVERSITY of Durham. The Durham Colleges. Applications are invited for the post of Domestic Bursar in a small hostel for women students. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Durham Colleges, 38 North Bailey, Durham. S. Holgate, Secretary.

EXPERIENCED Secretary required, male or female, for York Community Council. Duties will include development of work of newly formed central Old People's Welfare Committee and Family Service Unit, and will call for initiative, and ability to analyse statistical and survey material as basis for practical action. Salary from £500 according to experience. Particulars from the Chairman, York Community Council, 64 Walmgate, York.

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BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Youth Leader (woman). Applications are invited for the post of Youth Leader at Slough Girls Club. Salary Scale: Qualified, £270 × £12 to £444; Unqualified, £270 × £12 to £354. Application forms, to be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this notice, are obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MEDICAL Research Council. Social worker required to take part in research into illness and the need for medico-social services among families in N.W. London. This is not an office job and whoever is appointed must enjoy family casework and contact with ordinary families. Applications invited from almoners, psychiatric social workers, health visitors, etc. Possession of relevant diplomas or degrees an asset but secondary to experience and aptitude for the work. Salary with F.S.S.U. provision according to experience and qualifications. Full details with application to be sent as soon as possible to Dr. J. N. Morris, Social Medicine Research Unit, Central Middlesex Hospital, London, N.W.10.

APPLICATIONS will be considered from men between 21 and 30, to train for full-time appointments with the Y.M.C.A. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/15, Personnel Secretary, National Council for Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

MEN and women who have an interest in the treatment of offenders or an aptitude for resolving behaviour problems and who wish to consider adopting the career of Probation Officer in Scotland are invited to apply to the Scottish Central Probation Council with a view to having their names enrolled on the Probation Register. The Council will have regard to the sense of vocation, temperament and educational qualifications possessed by applicants. Persons who have attained the age of 45 years will not be considered, and applicants between the ages of 40 and 44 years will require to possess exceptional qualifications. Applications should be made to The Secretary, The Scottish Central Probation Council, 13 Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, 7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CHILDREN'S Worker and Playcentre Leader required. Duties include organisation of Playcentre, general social work. Applicants should be experienced with children or suitably trained. The post preferably residential. Salary according to experience. Further details from the Deputy Warden, Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E.1.

LEADER required for September responsible for Citizens', Women's and Old Age Pensioners' clubs, visiting of Old People and School Leavers. Suitable applicant (man or woman) might be offered Sub-Wardenship. Salary from £200 p.a. resident. Apply, stating age, qualifications and experience, with testimonial and particulars of two referees, to the Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

BIRMINGHAM Women's Residential Club requires Warden. Interesting work Church-woman. Apply Mrs. Lowe, Old Church Vicarage, Smethwick.

LADY Margaret Hall Settlement. Required for August or September, Sub-Warden (Anglican). Able to organise students' work. University Degree or Social Science Diploma desirable. Copies of testimonials to The Warden, 131 Kennington Rd. London, S.E.11.

TWO or three girls, or family, wanted to run small Farm Guest House in East Sussex. Own flat and £3 each p.w. all found. Opportunities for riding. Box 7192.

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks someone without responsibilities, keenly interested children, to join family and care for two schoolgirls (6 and 3) and baby boy during working day. Own room in comfortable house, Highgate, reasonable salary. Box 6882.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted by progressive couple (Doctors). Girls 3 and 5. Comfortable modern home, Streatham. Box 6883.

COOK reqd. Architectural students' camp. Oxford. July 22-Aug. 2. Box 6577.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BARRISTER, Cambridge graduate (34) requires appointment—preferably one offering scope for interest in social work and wide experience of it, combined with legal training. Box 6879.

ENGLISHWOMAN, 23. Hons. B.A. Oxon. (Eng. Lit.), 2 yrs' teaching, W.E.A. lecturing and dramatic exper. 2 fluent, 3 sparse langs., patience, initiative, originality, obs. London post: publg./advtg./sectl. Box 6807.

INDIAN Student, 25, studying accountancy, seeks position London, bookkeeper/ledger/audit clerk, essential to qualify. 8 yrs. clerical exp. incl. 18 months London. Hardworking, loyal. Highest references. Left-wingers please reply Box 6653.

MAN, middle-aged, linguist, wishes situation in book-shop with view to eventual ownership/partnership. Box 6461.

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

WELL-educated young woman, three years' news agency secretarial, two years' school-teaching experience, desires post where this background plus good knowledge French, shorthand typing useful. Box 6462.

AWARDS

THE George Russell (AE) Memorial Fund. The above Fund was established with a view to fostering literature in Ireland as a Memorial to the late George Russell (AE) in gratitude for the dedication of his great gifts to Ireland. Awards are made periodically from the Fund in recognition of literary work, creative or scholarly, already published, or of similar unpublished work, which, in the opinion of the Advisory Committee constituted to consider the Awards, is of a high standard of merit. Such Awards may also be made for similar work planned although not yet completed. The above Committee has decided to recommend an Award of £100 for the year 1950. Applications for the 1950 Award, accompanied by three copies of the work or works to be considered, from persons of Irish birth, ordinarily resident in any part of Ireland, including that part known as Northern Ireland, who had not on January 1, 1950, attained the age of 35 years, should be made on or before November 1, 1950, to the Trustee of the Fund: The Bank of Ireland, Trustee Department, College Green, Dublin.

MISCELLANEOUS

WARSAW Club and British Polish Friendship Society, now open to members and friends. Club facilities include billiards, chess, table tennis, television, reading room, etc. Restaurant open daily from 12.30-10.30 p.m. Fully licensed bar. Applications for membership from: The Secretary, Warsaw Club, 81 Portland Place, London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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MEMORY: Use Mnemonicons for platform, stage, study, daily routine. Apply for The Gigantic Device, 5s. Mnemo, Room 22 (N.S.N.), 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

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PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

TIDMAN'S Sea Salt, Nature's Tonic. "The Sea cleanses away all the ills of Man"—Euripides.

SAVE Britain's Wild Animals by subscribing to the L.A.C.S. Million Shilling Fund. Send yours to-day. Sec. (N) League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

LEARN Shorthand by July 1 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

FURNISHING Fabric Sale, tax free, attractive, hard wearing, fine weave hessian, for loose covers, curtains, etc., lovely shades, gold, sky, brown, rust, rose, wine, width 48ins., 2s. 9d. yard. Send 6d. for range of samples. Celic, Ltd., Dept. 766, Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

REMNANTS Sale, cotton prints, one to three yard lengths, assorted floral, striped, plain, full width, for summer dresses, etc., generous household parcel 25s. Send 6d. for catalogue of bargain remnant parcels. Celic, Ltd., Dept. 766, Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

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HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking Bedding." Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GRAMOPHONE Records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal; classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

ADVERTISER planning to open cheaply priced vegetarian restaurant, lunch bar & theatre club in London invites suggestions, ideas all kinds. Limited financial collaboration also welcomed. Box 6550.

COUNTRY house has rooms for creative tenants, i.e. artists, writers, craftsmen. Hartford Old Vicarage, Huntingdon.

WIDOWER (businessman) seeks educated woman to care for his daughter aged 7 and small pleasant house near Sutton in exchange for happy, comfortable home. Box 6418.

SCHOOLMASTER living near Lake District offers fortnight's hospitality August to French national in return for conversation. Box 6769.

WANTED, lady attendant with a little nursing exp. for middle-aged lady. Write for interview to Borne, 71 Standen Rd., Southfields, or 'phone Putney 3898.

SCHOOLS, coaching establishments and families who have vacancies for Iranian students please write, giving full particulars, to: Iranian Education Office, 50 Kensington Court, London, W.8.

SOCIAL Service and the Arts. Interesting voluntary administrative work (London) for man/woman full or part-time, some evenings. Full details to Box 6979.

WOULD educated lady be willing to care for girl aged 3 for business mother in exchange comfortable home? London area. Child not objected to. Box 6448.

SPACIOUS 5-rm'd. modern flat, nr. Hampstead Heath, to let July 8-22; sleeps 5 adults & baby. £5 p.w. incl. Box 6682.

HOLIDAY in English family wanted for Dutch boy, 17, August. Write Nijkerk, 30 Beethovenstraat, Amsterdam.

HOLIDAYING in Norway by car 2-3 weeks July; expenses shared; who would accompany advertiser? Box 6601.

HOLIDAYS: Assistants wanted for children's holiday at Odam Hill Children's Farm, Romsenleigh, South Molton. Group leader (man), domestic workers & cook (prof.), July 28-Sept. 15. Assistant matron, Aug. 25-Sept. 15. Parents with children over 5 welc.

BARRISTER (woman) desires part-time work. Box 6865.

MALE, 27, wishes join car going Southern France end July early August. Expenses shared. Box 6736.

LADY Artist, comfortable house Brittany coast, would receive P.G.'s till end July. 5 guineas weekly. Box 6704.

LIVERPOOL: Elderly lady will share small house Liverpool suburb in return for companionship & some household help. Box 6342.

NATIONAL Service. The Acts still make provision for you to register as a conscientious objector. If you intend to do so, write for advice: Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

FREELANCE editor/writer, London, undertaking preparation of MS., layout, presentation and typography invites inquiries from publishers, educational or social organisations. Box 6612.

STUDENTS wanting to travel to Israel during the Summer Vacation for educational purposes are advised to apply immediately in writing to the I.U.J.F., 2 Bentinck Close, London, N.W.8, for extremely beneficial travel advice.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SAILING and Camping Holiday with tuition. South Devon, August-September. Write 44 William Way, Letchworth.

LOVELY fortnight's holiday Swiss Alps hotel, commencing July 2 or Sept. 16. Private party. £27 10s. C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

ACCOMMODATION exchanged. "Holiday Exchanges," Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk.

HOUSE-party holidays: join a party of professional and university people and enjoy an informal holiday in interesting company. Bathing, tennis, walking: July 28-Aug. 8 near Windsor; Aug. 4-Sept. 2, New Forest district by the sea; also Irish house party nr. Dublin, Austrian Tyrol, July 14-Aug. 19. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Roper Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut. A few vacancies for gentlemen in private mixed party Aug. 13-26. £28 incl. Dr. Beer, Nerwood Technical College, S.E.27.

WEEK-END and Summer house parties, congenial company, in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/'phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

TWO full weeks in Corsica, holiday camp in pines by the sea, £28 10s., travel included; or July £31 10s. inclusive. For details ring Club Olympique de Paris, HOL. 4846, or write Poundrey & Partners Ltd. 22 Bury Pl., W.C.1.

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SPAIN. 15-day motor tour Paris, Tarn Gorge, Carcassonne, Barcelona, Costa Brava (8-day stay), also rail direct to Barcelona & Costa Brava (2-week stay), lovely sands. For the lazy, unconventional & gay prepared to risk meeting foreigners when abroad. Continental Club Tours, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

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WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 64321-2.

WALTON-on-Naze for the ideal holiday. Bed, breakfast, £2 5s.; with high tea 5s. 6d. extra. Vacancies June-Sept. Modern amenities. Near sea. "Avonell," 5 High Street.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

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APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

LAKE District. Magnificent views, walking, climbing. Own farm produce and personal attention. Emerald Bank Private Hotel, Newlands, Nr. Keswick. Tel. Braithwaite 280.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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NATURIST sun-bathing holidays in sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facilities and good, cosy, Nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enclosing 1d.) for brochure, Soc. (C.) of Devon Club, Keyworthy, Nr. Kingsbridge, Devon. "Sunbathers' magazine, listing 40 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 9d. post free.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence, boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Sunday, Cadham (W.B.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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UNITY. "Hell is What you Make It." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. EUS. 5391. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5.0 & 8.0. Citli Wang. Thurs. next & Evgs. 7.0, "Macbeth." Members.

MERCURY, Park 5700. Evgs. 7.0, Sat. 5.0, 8.0. "Stratton," by Ronald Duncan.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. TRA. 6261. "The Tree of Heaven," a new play by Mervyn Mills, produced by Richard Taylor. Mon. June 5 till Sun. June 11, 8 p.m. Club m'ship now 15s.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., June 4th, 7.30; "Les Maudits" (A).

ASIAN Inst., Irving St., Leics. Sq. "Song of Ceylon." Thursday, June 29. Mems. & guests. Assoc. membship. 5s. WHI. 5678.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. First night, Sat., July 22. Last night, Sat., Sept. 16, at 7.30. Tickets for First and Last Concerts will be allocated by ballot. Ballot No. 1, First Concert. Ballot No. 2, Last Concert. Tickets: Numbered and reserved, 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s. 6d. Unreserved: Orchestra 3s. Written application must be made separately for each ballot (accompanied by stamped addressed envelope), to Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, before Saturday, June 10. Applications received after Friday, June 9, cannot be included in the ballots. Envelopes must be clearly marked in top left-hand corner with No. of ballot. Remittance should not be enclosed. No applicant will be supplied with more than two tickets in any one ballot. Details of booking arrangements for remaining concerts and Season Tickets will be announced shortly. Orders for these cannot be accepted at present. Prospectus on sale from June 21 (send three 1d. stamps).

EILEEN Joyce next Sunday, at 7.30. Royal Albert Hall. London Symphony Orchestra. Cond., Norman Del Mar. Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Glieskann, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky. Presented by Central British Fund. Tickets, 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., R.A.H. (Ken. 8212). Lynford-Joel Promotions, Ltd., 17 Cavendish Sq. W.1 (Lan. 3591).

CHELSEA Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. Tuesday, June 6. Chelsea Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Norman Del Mar; Soloists, Peter Pears, Denis East; Suite, "The Love of Three Oranges," Prokofieff; Song Cycle for Voice & Orchestra, "Our Hunting Fathers," Britten; Violin Concerto, Hindemith; Symphonic Poem, "The Isle of the Dead," Rachmaninoff. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. Chappell's Box Office, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

CONCERT of Soviet Music. Wed., June 7, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn, W.C.1. "W.M.A." Singers," conducted by Alan Bush. Solo artistes include: Leonard Cassini (pianoforte), Cragg Sinkinson (tenor). Full details & res. tks. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (Cle. 4161).

GREGORY Pearson Concert Society. Sat., June 3, 8.30. A concert of rare and intimate Mozart, including 3 unperformed works. Director: Karl Haas. Artists: J. Whitehead, W. Lear, G. de Peyer, C. James. Adm. by programme only. 4s. obtainable 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 0360 or 7638.

COMMITTEE for Promotion of New Music presents its 118th Studio Recital at Salle Erard, St. Marlborough St., W.1, at 6.30 on Tues., June 6. Chairman: Bernard Stevens. 1st Speaker: Max Saunders. Artists: Aeolian String Quartet, Bernard Walton.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Fortman St. Sunday, June 4, at 8 p.m. Violoncello Recital by Malka Cossack (Bloch, Bruch, Ravel, M. Cossack, etc.). Non-members 1s.

EX-SERVICES Committee Central British Fund, present a Grand Dance in aid of Jewish Relief Unit at the Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Pl., W.1, June 3. Dancing to Max Lewis & his Embassy Orchestra, from 7.30. Tkts. 5s.

FABIAN Dance (org. by C.L.F.S.). Sat., June 3, 7.30 p.m., St. Martin's School of Art, Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Adm. 4s. Members and friends only.

EXHIBITIONS

TATE Gallery. William Rothenstein Memorial Exhibition. Week-days 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Adm. free.

CHRISTIAN Berard, Paintings and decors. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Adm. 1s.

SCOTTISH Crafts. Tweeds, Tartans, Silverware, Pottery, Basketwork and a selection of Edinburgh Tapestries. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

BERTHE Morisot. Arts Council exhibition of Paintings and Drawings. Matthieson Gallery, 142 New Bond St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Fri., 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Opens June 10. 10-7 daily and Sundays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Italian Contemporary Art Book Exhibition: at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1; Tel. SLO. 0451), from June 7 to July 15, 1950. Week-days only, Saturdays inclusive, 10-6 (Tuesdays & Fridays, 10-7). Admittance free. Catalogue 1s., free for members of the Italian Institute.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Degas, Paintings, Sculpture, Pastels. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. Including works by the late Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., 10-5. Adm. 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Francisco Otta. May 30-June 17.

KANDINSKY Retrospective; also Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St. W.1. Opening Tues., June 6.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Cloth Cats by Joan Jordan and Paintings by Beatrice Johnson, 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.) until June 24. Adm. free.

NEGRO Studies by Nola Hattermann (Holland), Sculptures by Ronald Moody (West Indies). Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Daily 10.30-5.30. Exd. till June 10.

SIX Places in Search of an Artist. Exhibition of decorative schemes presented by Hampstead Artists Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. June 4-July 2, 12 noon to 7 p.m. daily and Sundays. Adm. 6d.

ARCADE Gallery. The Art of Mannerism. Ital. & Flem. pictures from 1520-1620. June, 1950. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 27 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Collection of Paintings by Asian Artists. Until June 17.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Bonnard.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards, Gouaches by Bryan Wynter and Watercolours by Kenneth Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St., W.C.1). Free Public Lectures, Summer Term, 1950. Fri., June 9, at 5.30, Prof. G. P. Bognetti, "Relations between England and Lombardy in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries." Wed., June 14, at 5, The Galton Lecture by Prof. Sewall Wright, "The Genetical Structure of Populations."

MENTAL Deficiency. Conference to consider evidence of operation of Mental Deficiency Laws, Beaver Hall, E.C.4 (near Mansion House Station), Saturday, June 10, 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. Visitors' Tickets 2s. 6d. Apply National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, 7.30, June 6: Mrs. Beatrice King, talk on "The Prevention & Cure of Delinquency in Czechoslovakia." All welc.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mon., June 5, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St.: "Problems of the Artist on Stage and Screen": Rosamund John. 1s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. "Humanism and Personalism": A. J. Buberian dialogue by H. J. Blackham and J. B. Coates. Ethical Church, Bayswater, Tues. June 6, at 7.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. June 4: S. K. Ratcliffe, "Creative Citizenship." Adm. free.

MME. Magda Yoors-Peeters will speak on "My Indian Experiences," June 9, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

YUGOSLAVIA: The Truth. Report back meeting of British Trade Unionists just returned from Yugoslavia. Conway Hall, Fri., June 2, 7.30 p.m. Tickets (free) from British-Yugoslav Friendship Society, Honorary Secretary Margaret Shufeldt, 2a Baydon Court, Lowndes Sq. S.W.1, or at the door.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. June 4: The Individual. The Family and The Nation.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 10, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Raymond Picard (Alliance Française): "L'apport surréaliste."

HYPNOTHERAPY. Demonstration Lecture by Warne-Beresford on Tues., June 6, at 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets (reserved) 3s. 6d., from 5 Gillingham St., Victoria (nr. Victoria Station).

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs. 7.30, June 8: Unity in Diversity. At 180 Aldersgate (nr. St. Paul's Tube), Mondays 7.30: Raja Yoga.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Talk, Thurs., June 8, at 6.30 p.m. "Is Your Enemy Really Necessary?" by Ian Fearn, Principal, The New Renascence School. Chair, Lena Ashwell, O.B.E.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 5th, Bruce Waveil: "The Marriage of East and West." 12th, Kenneth Robinson, M.P.: "The Political Situation and its Consequences." 19th, Jazz, Duke Ellington's Music—recital and commentary by Harry Singer. 26th, Dora Russell: "Feminism and Peace."

MEET Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., at Reception of London Reg. Council of Fabian Societies, Sat., June 3, 7-9 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Adm. at door 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HUMANIST Thought and Action, a conference at Bewdley-on-Severn, July 22-29, 4½gns. A few vacancies for those interested in the building of a modern Humanist movement. Programme: The Ethical Union, 44 Inverness Place, W.2.

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HOME Study for Degrees etc. Postal tuition for London Matric. Spec. Ext., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ISRAEL. The World Union of Jewish Students announce the Second International Work Camp to be held in Israel during the Summer Vacation. Participants will live on Communal Settlements and there will be extensive tours of Israel. There are still a limited number of places available to all students. Immediate applic. in writing must be made to I.U.J.F., 2 Bentinck Close, London, N.W.8.

SUMMER Drama School, Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Park, Aug. 7-18. Classes in Speech, Mime and Improvisation, Acting Technique, Make-up. Rehearsals. Lectures. Director, Marian Nicholls. Details: Mrs Hammond, 5 Melbury Rd. London, W.14.

SPAIN and Portugal. Summer Courses in Santander (August) and Coimbra (July-August). Also Hispanic Council Wandering Scholars in Northern Spain. Details: Educational Director, 4 Upper Berkeley St. W.1.

FOREIGN holiday in England. Join an informal house party, meet interesting visitors from abroad and practice your languages. Language classes and exchange, July 28-Aug. 8, nr. Windsor, Berkshire; Aug. 4-Sept. 2, New Milton, Hampshire, by the sea and near New Forest, also Irish house party nr. Dublin. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PAINTING School, Riviera. July-Sept. Partics.: Secretary, 8a Heath Drive, N.W.3.

SUMMER Schools and Courses: Choose from a detailed list of 300, collated by the National Institute of Adult Education, 35 Queen Anne St., London, W.1. 7d. post free.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Philosophy, Politics, Economics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. June issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"WINSTON Churchill in War and Peace." A new critical Biography by Emrys Hughes, M.P. 250 pages, illustrated, price 2s. 6d. Unity Publishing Co., Ltd., 26 Civic St., Glasgow, C.4.

HAVE you seen "Colophon," the new monthly magazine for booklovers? Ask at all bookstalls.

KATHARINE Bruce Glasier—"The Glen Book"—"Secrets of Happy Life & Infinite Consolations", George Bernard Shaw, Hutchinsons, 5s., by post 5s. 3d. Proceeds to Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund, 90 Ebury St., S.W.1. Local Labour Parties invited to apply for quantities 3 doz./more at special rates.

SHAW Society: "Creative Evolution" by H. C. Duffin, revised by Shaw. 7d. incl. post. 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. Not pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop, Books bought. Opposite Met. Stn., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL 7924.

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A PLEASANT residential hotel for business people. Garage. Tennis court, billiards, table tennis. Terms from £3 13s. 6d. partial board, full Sundays. 45/3 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. 'Phone HAM. 6516.

CHELSEA bed-sitting-room & large partly furn. working studio, N.E. light, to be let. Separately or together. 3gns., 2gns., or 4½gns. Box 7334.

TO let, July 28-September 1, comfortable cottage in lovely N. Bucks village. Sleep 4. 2 rec., elec., kitchen, bathroom, garden, plate, linen. 4½gns. p.w. Box 6463.

GIPSY Caravan. Beautiful Hants. Sea and N. Forest. Secluded. Fully eqpd. Box 6598.

RUISLIP, Middx.: detached 4-rmd. bungalow, 6 wks. from July 20. Box 6623.

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BRYANSTON Music Summer School, Aug.-Sept. Hse. in sch. gds. Charming gdn. Lovely cntry. Sleep 6. Piano. £9 p.w. Muirhead, Middle Lodge, Durweston, Blandford

EDINBURGH: furn. bed-sit. plus share 3rd flat 25s. incl. gas fire, stove, light, bath Middle-aged woman pref. Box 6520.

LUXURY Caravan. Lovely farm site, milk eggs. 2½ mls. Wells, Som. 3 mins. bus. 4-berth, fully eqpd. (except linen). Summer lettings. Jackson, The Manse, Glastonbury.

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WANTED Bloomsbury, July, for prof. lady, unfurnished flat or room, pref. own kit. and bath. Box 5801.

MEDICAL Dr. & wife from Palestine sk. accom. London for 6 weeks June-July, poss. nr. Univ. No lunch; board optl. Box 7222.

AUSTRALIAN woman journalist sks. large b.-sit. room, civilised amenities Cent. London area. Also wtd. furn. flat for 3 or 4 without crippling advce. payments. WES. 7641, 9-10 wk.-days only or Box 6824.

YOUNG architect, bachelor, seeks 2/3 room s.c. accommodation in Central London for living and office. Box 6491.

DOCTOR and family require furn. house/caravan (accommodate 5) for 3 weeks between July 22 and September 10, coast of Wales, Devon, Cornwall. Box 6841.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

GEORGE Bernard Shaw's Boyhood Home, Torca Cottage, Killiney, Co. Dublin, Ireland. Situated in one of the most beautiful locations in Ireland. The residence has been modernised without taking away from its character and Old World charm. For auction June 14. Full particulars and appointment to view only from Alphonsus Sweeney, M.I.A.A., Auctioneer, 76 Upper George's Street, Dun Laoghaire, Ireland. 'Phone, Dublin 81333.

HIGH-class lock-up bookshop, Hampstead: stock and fixtures valued £1,450 (cost), moderate lease, owner leaving London must sell ½ share at sacrifice: £900 inclusive all. Box 6982.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 642, 643

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